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ART. I.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year* 1808. *Part II.*

XII. *Observations of a Comet, made with a View to investigate its Magnitude, and the Nature of its Illumination. To which is added, an Account of a new Irregularity lately perceived in the apparent Figure of the Planet Saturn. By William Herschel, LL.D. F.R.S.*—This memoir is introduced by a journal of Dr. Herschel's observations on the comet which appeared in the latter end of 1807, and the beginning of 1808. The observations were made on the nucleus of the comet; on the head, on the coma, on the tail, and on the nebulous appearance of the comet. They are well calculated to give more distinct ideas of the structure of these astonishing bodies, and to correct some erroneous assertions of former astronomers. The observations are followed by a succinct and well digested account of their results.

The nucleus of this comet is a small well-defined round point; this is surrounded with very bright rays; the whole seen through an ordinary telescope seems a single body about the size of the planet Jupiter. The nucleus, with its surrounding rays is the head of the comet. The coma is the nebulous appearance surrounding the head. The nucleus of this comet appeared in the shape of a disk which was experimentally found to be a real one. Its apparent diameter was not (on the 19th of October) quite so large as that of the third satellite of Jupiter. At the time of this observation it was about 1. The distance of the comet from the earth at the time of the observation was 1.69192 the mean distance of the earth being 1.

'Now, since the disk of the comet was observed to subtend an angle of 1″, which brought to the distance of the earth gives 1″,169, and since we also know, that the earth's diameter, which according to Mr. Dalby is 7913.2 miles, subtends at the same distance an angle of 17″,2, we deduce from these principles the real diameter of the comet, which is 528 miles."

Dr. Herschel next examines the question, whether the light of the comet be from reflection from the sun, or it be self-luminous. On the 4th of October and the 19th by a calculation of its phases, the illumination was found to be 119° 45′ 9″ and 124° 22′ 40″, respectively. Both these phases appear to Dr. Herschel sufficiently defalcated to prove that the comet did not shine by reflected light alone. The disk at the time of these observations appeared perfectly circular, which the doctor thinks could not have happened under so great a deviation from the circular form as was presented at this time. The vivacity of the light had a much greater resemblance to the radiance of the stars than to the mild reflection of the sun's beams from the moon. This is an additional support of the inference from the calculation of its phases.

It has been said by many authors that the tails of comets are of so rare a texture as not to affect the light of the smallest stars that are seen through them. But Dr. Herschel's observations are in direct contradiction to this assertion. When small stars were immerged in the coma or in the tail of the comet, they suffered a very sensible diminution of their brightness, so that they are sufficiently dense to obstruct the free passage of star-light.

'The brightness,' he observes, 'of the head, coma, and tail alone, will sufficiently account for the observed changes, if we admit that they shine not by reflection, but by their own radiance; for a faint object projected on a bright ground, or seen through it, will certainly appear somewhat fainter, although its rays should meet with no obstruction, in coming to the eye. Now, as in this case we are sure of the bright interposition of the parts of the comet, but have no knowledge of floating particles, we ought certainly not to ascribe an effect to an hypothetical cause, when the existence of one, quite sufficient to explain the phenomena, is evident.

Dr. Herschel applies the same reasoning to the head, coma, and tail. The head and coma were very bright, and the remains of the tail were still visible, when the distance of the comet from the earth was 240.000.000 miles; a distance, the doctor conceives, too great to admit the hypothesis of its light being reflected.

The magnitude of the tails of some comets makes it more probable that their light is caused by radiation, like the aurora borealis, than by reflection. The tail of the late comet was expanded over a space of more than nine millions of miles.

As the distance of the comet increased, it put on the ap-

pearance of a nebula. It is possible then that some comets have been actually seen under a nebulous form.

The concluding part of this paper is unconnected with the first. In a former number of the transactions Dr. Herschel had noticed a flattening of the polar regions of the planet Saturn, and also an apparent small flattening of the equatorial parts. In attempting to continue these observations, a new irregularity of the Saturnian figure was observed, which the doctor was assured had no existence at the time of the former observations. The northern polar regions were observed to be flattened (as before); but the southern to be more curved or bulged outwards. This observation was confirmed by the doctor's son, John Herschel, and by Dr. Wilson without any communication from the doctor. Its reality then cannot be doubted. But he conceives the appearance not to be owing to a real irregularity in the figure of the planet, but to be the effect of an optical illusion. The situation of the ring was such, that it passed before the planet towards the south pole, and, consequently, behind it at the north. If then the ring has an atmosphere, the rays proceeding from one of the poles will pass through it, but those from the other traverse a space clear of every object which might divert their course. The doctor apprehends, then, the appearance to be caused by refraction through the atmosphere of the ring. This phenomenon gives additional support to the hypothesis that the ring of Saturn is possessed of an atmosphere.

XIII. Hydraulic Investigations, subservient to an intended Croonian Lecture on the Motion of the Blood. By Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R.S.

XIV. A Letter on the Alterations that have taken place in the Structure of Rocks, on the Surface of the basaltic Country in the Counties of Derry and Antrim. Addressed to Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S. By William Richardson, D.D.

The celebrated giant's causeway has been often described. In this interesting paper Dr. Richardson has described some of the beautiful and astonishing scenery of the country contiguous; and has stated the conclusions which result from his observations.

The basaltic area comprehends the greater part of Antrim, and the east side of Derry to a considerable extent. It is on the northern side of the area, that the regular basaltic structure is most conspicuous. There are four façades particularly distinguished for their grandeur and beauty. These

are *Magilligan rock, Cave rock, Bangore, and Fairhead. Bangore* is in this paper the principal object of the doctor's attention. It is a promontory occupying about four English miles of the coast. The façades of the basaltic columns at the point of their greatest height have their perpendicular part 170 feet, and the precipitous part, from the bottom of the pillars to the sea, 200 feet. The promontory itself and the strata composing it, ascend to the northward, but not at the same angle, the strata being more inclined to the horizon than the surface of the promontory. Its western side is cut down perpendicularly by eleven chasms called *Whyn Dykes,* reaching from the top of the precipice to the water. When the last of these is past, a new and curious circumstance is discovered: viz. that the western half of the promontory has sunk or subsided between thirty and forty feet without the slightest concussion or derangement of the parallelism of the strata. Two other similar depressions appear still farther west; but they are far less considerable in thickness than the preceding, neither of them exceeding five feet.

Having taken a general survey of the whole line, the doctor proceeds to examine the intimate structure of the façades. He enumerates no less than 16 different strata, commencing with that which forms the summit, and descending gradually to the basis; and very distinctly points out the characteristic differences of each stratum. Some are fifty or sixty feet in thickness, others only five or ten. It is impossible for us to follow him in this enumeration. The following facts are some of the general results of these observations.

Every stratum is nearly of the same thickness through its whole extent, with very few exceptions. Each surface preserves an exact parallelism, except the stratum is superficial, when the upper surface may have been scolloped or sloped away.

'Nature,' says the doctor, 'has never acted upon an extensive scale in our basaltic area, but changes her materials or arrangement or both, every two or three miles, and often at much smaller intervals; and in these cases the change is always made *per saltum* and never *per gradus*, the lines of demarcation always distinct and well defined; yet the different materials pass into each other without interrupting the solidity and continuity of the whole mass.'

The bases of the precipices commonly extend a considerable way into the sea; and between the water and the foot

of the precipice fragments are scattered in the most wild and irregular manner. But all these fragments once formed part of the original mass of coast, stratified like it, and their strata still correspond in material and inclination, with those in the contiguous precipice. The vertical basaltic columns are not confined to the sea coast. Several of them are scattered over a great part of the basaltic area, especially on the ridges of the hills and mountains. The last observation is very important. It is this:

'Whenever the strata are thus suddenly cut off, whether it be a mass of accumulated strata, as in the façades on our coast, or solitary strata in the interior; the materials on one side of the abruption are completely carried away, without a fragment being left behind, while on its other side the untouched stratum, remains intire and undisturbed.'

Having laid down the facts, Dr. Richardson proceeds to examine the theories to which the observation of these stupendous phenomena has given rise. It is natural enough to suppose that the perpendicular façades being found on the coast have been broken off by the action of the sea. But it is observed, that the sea would rather excavate the basis; whereas, the columns are found on the highest part of the cliff, and receding from the water. The inland columns have precisely the same characters, and are equal in magnificence to those on the coast; as at *Bienbraddoch* thirteen miles in land, and Monyneeny, which is still farther. Some other theories the doctor briefly examines, and shows satisfactorily how little they are adapted to the solution of the question.

His own hypothesis is shortly that these columns are the remains of the original crust or covering of the earth, and that in some stupendous operation of nature, the parts which were contiguous to them, have been wholly and completely carried away. What was the agent which effected such a great revolution, the doctor, with becoming modesty, does not hazard even a conjecture. His theory is supported by many concurrent circumstances in the present state of the whole basaltic area. The hypothesis is little suited to the pride of man, who thinks his own faculties powerful enough to dive into all the mysteries of nature. We do not know that it is for this reason more remote from the truth.

XVI.—A Letter on the Differences in the Structure of Calculi; which arise from their being formed in different

Parts of the Urinary Passages; and on the Effects that are produced upon them by the internal Use of solvent Medicines, from Mr. Wm. Brande to Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.—In this paper Mr. Brande attempts to trace the calculus at its first formation in the kidney, and to examine the changes which it undergoes in the urinary passages. A large collection of calculi in the Hunterian museum (in which the greater part of the specimens have histories of cures annexed to them) has given him an opportunity of undertaking the investigation on a considerable scale of extent, and therefore we think much confidence may be put in his conclusions.

The calculi formed in the kidneys consist of pure uric acid and animal matter. The proportion of the animal matter is sometimes large, amounting to more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the calculus, at other times nearly the whole is uric acid. If the calculus has fallen into the infundibula or pelvis of the kidney, its composition has sometimes proved to be the same; but at others the external laminæ are composed of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate and phosphate of lime.

Of the calculi found in the bladder, but a small number are composed of uric acid. Mr. Brande gives the following statement of the composition of different calculi found in the bladder.

'16 were composed of uric acid.

45	uric acid, with a small relative proportion of the phosphates.
66	the phosphates, with a relatively small proportion of uric acid.
12	the phosphates entirely.
5	uric acid, with the phosphates and nuclei of oxalate of lime.
6	chiefly of oxalate of lime.'
150	

In operating on the uric calculi from the bladder in some instances there was a far more considerable loss in attempting to obtain their pure uric acid than in the kidney calculi. Mr. Brande has discovered that this loss was occasioned by the presence of urea. He extracted this substance from the calculi of the bladder both by water and alcohol. One of these calculi by an attentive analysis gave the following result:

	Grains.
' Urea and muriate of ammonia	5.2
Ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate	6
Uric acid	48.8
	60

Mr. B. from these circumstances is inclined to believe that *urate of ammonia* as an ingredient of the calculus, has no existence. The evolution of ammonia depends probably on the decomposition of ammoniacal salts.

The mulberry calculi, in which oxalate of lime predominates, contains also uric acid and phosphate of lime in considerable proportion.

' Four distinct substances,' says Mr. Brande, ' are extremely rare in calculi ; I have seen one in which the uric acid, the ammoniaco-magnesia phosphate, the phosphate of lime, and the oxalate of lime, were all perfectly separate and distinct layers.'

The calculi formed upon extraneous substances for their nuclei have no uric acid in their composition.

Mr. Brande has examined only two or three specimens of calculi of the urethra. Their composition appears to be the same as that of the calculi of the bladder. He concludes the analytical part of his paper with the analysis of calculi from other animals. We cannot enter into the minutiæ of this part of the inquiry. We must content ourselves with saying that none of the specimens contained uric acid : most of them had a portion of carbonate of lime, which is not found in human calculi, and the other ingredients were phosphate of lime, and the triple ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate.

These facts on the whole make it probable that the uric acid is secreted by the kidney, and that the other materials are deposited from the urine. The solvents employed against calculous complaints are of two kinds; alkalies and acids. Alkalies when pure dissolve the uric acid : but it is very uncertain whether they have this effect on the body, since the carbonates have no such power, and the urine contains carbonic acid enough to deprive the alkalies of their causticity. But it is acutely remarked by Mr. Brande, that if alkaline medicines prevent the deposition of uric acid they favour that of phosphate of lime and the triple phosphate. These substances are retained in solution by the carbonic acid and phosphoric acid of the urine ; and by saturating these the substances held in solution are precipitated. Though

therefore the uric sediment diminishes, and may disappear, the gravelly or calculous matter, is only altered in its composition. Upon the same principles, lime-water, forming insoluble compounds, must be really hurtful.

It has been proposed, when the calculous matter consists of phosphates, to use acid solvents, particularly muriatic acid. 'Even then,' says Mr. B. 'the nucleus of uric acid would remain, and thus a great deal of time would be lost without any permanent advantage.' This objection has little validity. A small stone must at least be better than a large one; and how is this time to be better employed? If, indeed, as Mr. Brande asserts, uric acid re-appears, and even seems augmented in quantity, it deserves serious consideration. But before we give our assent to this assertion, it must be proved by sufficient experiments.

XVI. *Some Observations on Mr. Brande's Paper on Calculi. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.*—Mr. Home has recorded in this paper some curious examples of deception with regard to the supposed solvent power of alkaline medicines. Two patients who had been great sufferers from symptoms of stone, having arrived at the age of 68 or thereabouts, become free from their pains. The one had used the saline draught in the state of effervescence, and to this medicine the cure was attributed. After death, twenty calculi were found in the bladder; and the cessation of the symptoms proved to be owing to an enlargement of the prostate, which made a barrier between the calculi and the orifice of the bladder. The second patient was under a course of Perry's lixivium. Fourteen calculi were found in the bladder; and the cessation of the symptoms proved to be owing to exactly the same cause. Both these cases had been published as proofs that the stone had been dissolved.

In several cases calculi have been found in cysts, formed between the fascicoli at the muscular coat of the bladder, so as to be entirely excluded from the general cavity, and therefore they had caused no uneasiness. Two, three, and even four such cysts have been found, each containing a calculus of the size of a walnut.

XVII. *On the Changes produced in the atmospheric Air, and Oxygen Gas by Respiration. By W. Allen, Esq. F.R.S. and W. H. Pepys, Esq. F.R.S.*—The delicate and important process of respiration has exercised the ingenuity of the chemical physiologists more than any other of the operations which are perpetually carrying on in that stupendous natural laboratory, the animal system. The delicacy and the

extreme accuracy of the experiments necessary to arrive at stable conclusions, and the difficulty of constructing an unexceptionable apparatus, have prevented our attaining to certainty on questions, with regard to which certainty does not appear, from the nature of things, to be out of our reach. We hope that the present memoir will dissipate much of the doubt and obscurity which have clouded a curious and interesting point of physiology.

The apparatus used by these zealous colleagues in difficult researches is simple enough. One large water gasometer, capable of holding four thousand two hundred cubic inches of gas, contained the air to be inspired. Two other gasometers, filled with mercury, received successively the air expired. Proper stop-cocks regulated the successive parts of the process; and it was conveyed into jars standing in a mercurial bath for the purpose of analysis. We need not enter more into details; it would indeed be difficult to do so unassisted by a diagram.

In the first ten experiments which were made, the loss sustained by the air, after having passed through the lungs, proved to be much smaller than from the reports of other experimenters they had been prepared to expect. Some allowance is to be made for the resistance given by the machinery to a complete expiration. There seems also a remarkable discordancy in some of the trials. The deficiency in one experiment we find marked at 4 inches, and in another at 62, upon nearly equal quantities of air.

The first object of inquiry was into the changes produced in the air by natural inspiration. In one experiment 26.55 cubic inches of carbonic acid were given off per minute. But the quantity is variable in different subjects. In another person as much carbonic acid was given off in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, as in the former experiment in 11 minutes: and it appears that whenever atmospheric air is taken into the lungs it returns charged with about 8 per cent. carbonic acid. The faster respiration is performed, the more carbonic acid is given off, and consequently the more oxygen is consumed. In an experiment with a very large quantity of atmospheric air 32 cubic inches of carbonic acid were given off per minute, and its proportion to the whole was exactly 8 per cent.

There is one obvious source of deception in experiments of this nature performed upon a small scale. The air contained in the fauces, in the trachea, and perhaps in the larger branches of the bronchia, is in a great measure returned unaltered. Hence, in a single expiration, the proportion

of carbonic acid is smaller in portions first expired than in the last portions. The first portion contains only from three to five per cent. carbonic acid, while that which is expelled from the lungs by forcible expiration contains 9.5 per cent.

Our experimenters next proceeded to examine into the effect of making the same portion of air pass repeatedly through the lungs. The result was rather unexpected. First, there was but a very small addition of carbonic acid: 100 parts of the respired air contained but 9.5 of acid, whilst after ordinary respiration it contains 8 or 8.5. The remaining gases were 5.5 oxygen, and 85. azote. Now, reckoning the whole oxygen (that which is separate and that contained in the carbonic acid) there appears in this experiment a loss of 6 per cent. of the oxygen, and an increase of the azote. It was first suspected that some gas, as the gaseous oxide of carbon, or carbonated hydrogen might have been given off from the lungs. But this suspicion proved groundless. Hyper-oxygenized muriatic acid, mixed with the oxide of carbon, converts it in twenty-four hours into carbonic acid. But no such effect was produced upon the expired air. There is therefore when the same air is repeatedly passed through the lungs a loss of about 6 per cent. (out of the whole air) of oxygen. This is very remarkable, as in ordinary respiration no such loss can be detected.

It appears that 5363.55 grains, or about 11 ounces troy of solid carbon are emitted by the lungs in the course of twenty-four hours; and that 39534 cubic inches of oxygen gas are consumed in the same time. In natural respiration, a smaller quantity of air can come into contact with those parts of the lungs calculated to act upon it. It is probable, therefore, that less carbonic acid is given off; but at all events the quantity is very considerable.

They now proceeded to ascertain the effects produced upon oxygen gas by respiration. The water gasometer was filled with oxygen which contained only 2.5 per cent. of azote. The inspiration of the gas raised the pulse in ten minutes from 72 to 88: the operator felt a general glow over the body to the very extremities, with a gentle perspiration; this, however, went off in a few minutes, and no remarkable deviation from the ordinary state was experienced. In this experiment a greater quantity of carbonic acid was formed from oxygen than from common air; the proportion was little more than three to two; and it is inferred that one use of azote is to regulate the quantity of oxygen, which shall be taken up in the act of respiration. More than a hundred cubic inches of azote were added to the gas by the

process of respiration. But this addition must have come from a portion of air retained in the lungs. It is obviously impossible to get rid of all the air contained in the lungs, however forcibly the expiration be made. And as the gas retained is principally azote, it would of course appear mixed with the oxygen of the experiment. A calculation is given of the quantity which may thus be made to appear; but the basis of it appears to us purely hypothetical. If successive portions of the air that is expired be examined the proportion of azote continues to diminish. The loss observed in the whole air respired, though of little magnitude, is greater than in the respiration of atmospheric air: whence it is conjectured that some oxygen is absorbed.

We have not space for the enumeration of all the consequences deducible from these experiments; but must content ourselves with mentioning what seems most important.

1. The quantity of carbonic acid emitted is equal in bulk to the oxygen lost. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that any water is formed in the lungs; nor is hydrogen or any other gas emitted. The air returns loaded with carbonic acid in the proportion of from 8 to 10 per cent.

'2. When respiration is attended with distressing circumstances, there is reason to believe that some oxygen is absorbed; and it was observed in one experiment, that as the oxygen decreases in quantity, perception gradually ceases; and life, probably, would be completely extinguished by the total abstraction of oxygen.

'3. More carbonic acid is formed by the inspiration of oxygen than of atmospheric air.

'4. In easy and natural inspiration, 16 or 17 cubic inches of air are inspired by a person who makes about 19 respirations in a minute.

'5. It is probable that all the air inspired is afterwards expired. The deficiency in these experiments was not more upon an average than 6 parts in 1000; and this was probably caused by the resistance to a perfect expiration occasioned by the friction of the apparatus.

6. The experiments upon oxygen prove that the quantity of air remaining in the lungs is very considerable, and that without a reference to this circumstance, all experiments upon small quantities of gas are liable to inaccuracy.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Hon. Henry Home, of Kames, &c.* (*continued from p. 50.*)

AFTER the publication of the Elements of Criticism, Lord Kames seems to have devoted a few years of his life to his judicial duties. In 1763, he was appointed one of the lords of justiciary in the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland, an office for which he was eminently qualified, and which he discharged with equal ability, impartiality, and diligence.

Lord Kames, who was an active member of the 'board of trustees for the encouragement of the fisheries, arts,' &c. recommended among other useful plans, a survey of the western islands, with a view to the improvement of the herring-fishery, and of the prosperity and civilization of the islands. Dr. John Walker was the person who was destined to this undertaking. We shall quote part of a letter which he wrote to Lord Kames on this occasion. It is dated Stornoway, August 17, 1764, and contains some interesting particulars relative to the state of the western islands at that time.

'I have seen,' says Dr. Walker, 'the most fertile lands I ever saw in my life without cultivation; a people by nature the most acute and sagacious, perfectly idle; the most valuable fisheries without lines or nets; and in every corner one of the finest harbours that nature ever formed, a beautiful though useless void, as inanimate and unfrequented as those of the *Terra Australis*. The only appearance of industry I have met with in the islands is at this place. They have for a some time had a considerable fishery of cod and ling. Their greatest discouragement is the difficulty of procuring salt, and the hazard they run with salt-ponds. But that, I hope, will be removed in this corner, by the erection of a custom-house which was done yesterday. One of the most effectual encouragements of the fishery in the islands, and I think the easiest and cheapest that has yet occurred to me would be 1000l. worth of salt and casks laid up at one or two proper places, to be sold to the inhabitants at prime cost. The herrings have been swarming since the end of last month, on the coasts both of the main land and Long Island; but except a few taken in Skye, I have not seen nor heard of one *last* being preserved. Lying at anchor last Monday night, in calm moonshine, in the fine land-locked lake at Island-Glass in the Lewes, which is a circle of two miles, perfectly surrounded with lofty mountains, I saw the water heaving with the fish, and felt even the air strongly impregnated with their smell. Three small highland yawls, each of them with an old tattered net, came alongside of us by day-light, loaded to the brim, with the largest herrings I ever saw, which the poor people were anxious to sell at fourpence the six score, having no salt nor casks to preserve them. And this is at

present the case in every loch in these parts. When the spinning-school was erected here eight months ago, it met with the greatest opposition from the people. No young women could be brought to it till they were compelled. To avoid this, great numbers of them got themselves married, which was the case with several but of twelve years old. But finding that this was to be no protection, they at length submitted, and ever since the school has continued full. They now find it both easy and profitable, and pursue it with a degree of spirit and cheerfulness which is very agreeable. I saw about fifty of them, from nine to twenty-five years of age, at their wheels, in one room, where a wheel was scarce ever known before. They seemed quite happy at their work, and all joined in a highland song, which gave me more pleasure, if it be safe to own such an unpolite notion, than any concert I was ever present at.'

Dr. Franklin, who had returned to America in 1762, after residing in London for some years as agent for several of the colonies, revisited this country in 1765; and on June 2, of that year, we find a very interesting letter from him to Lord Kames, from which we feel a pleasure in extracting the following judicious observations.

'In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, the Elements of Criticism, in which I found great entertainment: much to admire and nothing to reprove. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated, that the pleasure which artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope-dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those, who being unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are mere compositions of tricks. I have sometimes at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure during the performance of much that was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old *Scotch tune*, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed on to play, gave manifest and general delight. Give me leave on this occasion to extend a little the sense of your position that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful,' and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live for ever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament,) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather that their melody is harmony. I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptation, indeed, only an agreeable *suc-*

cession of sounds is called *melody*; and only the *co-existence* of agreeing sounds *harmony*. But since the memory is capable of retaining for some moments a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement, or disagreement, there may, and does arise from thence a sense of harmony between present and past sounds equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tunes is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note, is a third, a fifth, an octave, or in short some note that is in concord with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concords. I use the word emphatical, to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles, to tack the others together.'

'The connoisseurs in modern music,' adds Dr. Franklin, 'will say I have no taste,—but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing.'

In 1766 Lord Kames received a great accession to his income by the death of George Drummond, Esq. brother to lady Kames. Lord K. now passed his vacations at Blair-Drummond, where he prosecuted his agricultural improvements with great spirit and success. One of his plans of improvement was of so much importance, both on account of the consequences and the example, that it ought not to be passed unnoticed. Part of his new estate included a level swamp, called the Moss of Kincardine, about four miles in length, and from one to two miles in breadth, situated immediately above the confluence of the Forth and the Frith, The moss formed a stratum of from eight to nine feet thick; but covered a soil of rich clay and vegetable mould. The enterprising mind of Lord Kames projected the removal of this immense body of moss by floating it into the Forth by means of channels cut through the moss into that river. 'He lived to see about one-third of this great tract of land perfectly cleared, and yielding a rent in proportion to the value of the soil brought into tillage.' This large tract, which was once an uninhabitable morass, contains at present 169 houses and 720 inhabitants.

We read with pleasure the elegant and ingenious letters of Mrs. Montagu to the author of the Elements of Criticism. Lord Kames had informed Mrs. M. that he intended to form a *winter-garden* at his seat at Blair-Drummond.

'I approve,' says Mrs. Montague, 'greatly of your lordship's

scheme of making a *winter-garden*. We are apt to do in our gardens as we do in our minds; to cultivate the gay ornaments of the summer season, and aim at having all those things which flourish by mild sunshine and gracious dews; forgetful of the rude elements of human life, and regardless of the seasons of unfriendly and churlish winter, when sun-beams warm no more, and chilling hoar-frosts fall.'

We soon after find Mrs. Montagu writing to Lord Kames in this airy and jocular strain.

'I am convinced that we have been acquainted in a state of pre-existence; I do not know when, nor indeed where: whether we first met on the orb of this earth, had a short coquetry in the planet Venus, or a sober platonic love in Saturn; but I am sure we did not first meet at Edinburgh in the year 1766; therefore those doubts that would be pardonable in a new friendship, cannot become us. Your lordship may remember our souls did not stand like strangers at a distance making formal obeisances the first evening we supped together at our friend Dr. Gregory's; we took up our story, where it had perhaps ended some thousand years before the creation of this globe: if we gave it a prefatory compliment, it was only the customary form to the new edition of a work before published.'

In 1765 Lord Kames, whose mind was incessantly occupied with some scheme of national advantage, published a small pamphlet on the progress of the flax-husbandry in Scotland, in order to encourage the culture of that useful material of manufacture in his native country. The following letter to the Duchess of Gordon is not only a pleasing specimen of his epistolary style, but evinces in a striking degree his desire to augment the industry and the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

'*To the Duchess of Gordon, August*, 1770.

'As I never incline to visit my favourite pupil, or to write to her, but when I am at ease and in good spirits, which has not been the case for this last fortnight, worn out as I am with the business of the court, I delayed to acknowledge her last kind letter, till I should be restored to my spirits in the country, by the wood-nymphs, the water-nymphs, and all the train of smiling rural deities. Your grace could not do me a greater favor than in communicating the little family anecdote about lady C, than which nothing can shew a more charming disposition. Dissocial passions are more painful to ourselves than to those who are the objects of them. Selfish passions are disagreeable to others, and very little pleasant to ourselves: but as for the generous and benevolent affections, if they make others happy, they double that blessing upon ourselves. There is no other part of our nature that advances us so near the

Author of all good. Cherish, my dear lady, that disposition in your daughter, because it is highly amiable; but double your diligence to cherish it in your son, who, I hope, will one day have it in his power to do much good, and to find his own chief happiness in making multitudes happy around him. The duke of G. may justly be reckoned the greatest subject in Britain; not from the extent of his rent-roll, but from a much more valuable property, the number of people whom Providence has put under his government and protection. God forbid the duke should imbibe the sentiments of too many of his elevated rank, that these people are merely beasts of burden, and that it is allowable to squeeze out of them all that can be got! In point of morality, I consider that the people upon our estates are trusted by Providence to our care, and that we are accountable for our management of them, to the great God, their Creator as well as ours. But observe and admire the benevolence of Providence. What else does it require of us, but to introduce industry among our people, the sure way to make them virtuous and happy, and the way not less sure of improving our estates, and increasing our revenues!

'Now, my dear pupil, I insist upon this topic with the more satisfaction, that I figure your grace taking an active part in this useful work, and going hand in hand with your husband; if, indeed, it be not better that each of you should take a separate department. I will explain what part I allot to your grace, after a short preface. Travelling through the counties of Aberdeen and Bamff, with any sort of equipage, it is pleasant to see the young creatures turning out every where from their little cottages, full of curiosity, but not less full of industry; for every one of them is employed; and in knitting stockings, they lose not all the while a single motion of their fingers. This sight I have never beheld without delight. Now, mark what I am going to say. There is indeed the same curiosity to be observed upon your banks of the Spay, and through the county of Moray; but alas! the industry is wanting; for the young people go about there perfectly idle.

'I fear you will think I am growing a little tedious this evening; for I wish to prolong conversation with your grace: but now I come to the point.—The part I allot for the Duchess of Gordon, is to train the young creatures about her to industry; and she will execute it with self satisfaction and success; for in tender years, the strongest impressions are made, and once giving children a habit of industry, it will last with them for life. What I would therefore propose as her first essay, is to introduce the knitting of stockings among the young folk of both sexes, which will be easily done, as that art is so far advanced in her neighbourhood. If your grace relishes this proposal, signify it only to your old mentor, and it shall be his business not only to lay down a plan for carrying it into effect, but to interest our trustees for the manufactures, who will most cordially second your operations. In the mean time you may order a fit person to be secured for teaching the children to spin and to

knit; and the only thing that will be expected from your grace, besides your countenance (which is all in all,) is to encourage the children to exert themselves, by some small premiums to those who are the most deserving.

'So much for serious matters, and now a lighter theme, if my paper leaves room for it. From fifty years experience, I can vouch, that the pleasantest companions for conversation, are those who pass some time in their closets, in reading and reflecting. Will you give me authority to purchase for you from time to time, a few books of taste and useful knowledge, which will agreeably fill up your hours of leisure? Does the duke give his commissions to any particular bookseller in Edinburgh? In this and in every capacity, command your real friend and faithful servant,

'HENRY HOME.'

Lord K. took an active part in promoting the project of a *navigable canal between the rivers Forth and Clyde.* 'The work was begun in 1768 on a scale of fifty-six feet in breadth and seven in depth; admitting the passage of vessels of seventy or eighty tons burden.' The expences were defrayed by the subscriptions of individuals; and government subscribed 30,000l. the profits are to be expended in making roads, bridges, and other improvements in the highlands of Scotland. In 1766 Lord Kames published '*Remarkable Decisions* of the Court of Session from 1730 to 1753.' Of this work his learned biographer says that it 'affords a model of clear and perspicuous brevity of statement, which touches only the important points of a cause, and rejects all that is superfluous in the detail or argument.'

Lord Kames was a believer in the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and was surprized at the cool reception which they, at first, experienced in this country. What very much contributed, in the minds of the generality, to invalidate the pretended antiquity of the poems, was the refinement of sentiment and manners which they pourtray, so difficult to be reconciled to the barbarous age to which they are assigned. Lord Kames investigated the subject with his usual diligence of research; and he tells Mrs. Montagu that he had been successful beyond his hope.

'I have,' says he, 'made out that the manners described by Ossian were the genuine manners of his country. Such refined notions, especially with respect to the female sex, of a people in the first stage of society, approach to a miracle; and yet I have brought evidence of the fact sufficient to satisfy any impartial jury.'

The opinion which Mrs. Montagu appears to have adopted

on the subject was a sensible medium between credulity and scepticism. Some of her remarks on the subject, in one of her letters to Lord Kames, are very ingenious and acute.

'Where exists,' says she, 'the records of those ages? Not even any monuments of art appear. Were men more civilized before they were assembled in large communities? I do not mean to pun, when I say there could hardly be civility without cities. Can one imagine politeness of manners began before even agriculture? Does nature operate in other modes in Scotland, than in the rest of the world? Do not the ruins of Palmyra still bear witness to her former greatness? Are not the pyramids of Egypt witnesses, that, that country was in possession of arts? How beautiful are the ruins of Athens! how august the ruins of Rome! Three grey stones unpolished, undescribed, were all the honors the departed hero, or celebrated bard, expected for the glorious labours of his life. We find only three characters amongst these highlanders, the warrior, the bard, and the hunter. As to the fair sex, I do believe, that living in a country where the sun is not very ardent, they might be fair, though they were much exposed to weather, and certainly must have been obliged to partake of the labours and inconveniences of a savage state. But they would surely appear fair to Ossian, and to all his heroes, and the Celtæ were remarkably regardful of their women. I imagine that Ossian has given the fine gloss of poetry to a rude age. If there should be found any fine edifices, or any testimonies of higher improvement, we must begin to alter our opinions. But as to myself, I credited Ossian the more, because I do not see any thing in his poems inconsistent with uncivilized times. The heroes are brave in the field, hospitable and courteous at a feast. They were not cruel as absolute savages are: but I believe our Celtic ancestors were not the brutes they have been imagined. I do not see any probability, that if the highlanders had been once a polished people, they would have returned to barbarism; as they were never subdued. The grand-children of Fingal probably still remain upon the very mountain where his hall was built. They are now a fine people, brave, generous, and hospitable; but the lowest order is not polished. I have seen lovely lasses amongst them, and as fair, I doubt not, as Malvina, though indeed she was the daughter-in-law of a king. I cannot believe they pulled down towns to live on the mountains, nor houses to dwell in huts. How great elegance of form is consistent with being exposed to the sun and wind of summer, and being smoked like bacon, in the winter, I do not understand; nor how great delicacy of manners subsisted where all the men and women of a family undressed and slept in the same apartment.'

Ossian has probably described the manners and sentiments of his progenitors and contemporaries with numerous poetical embellishments; and the same manners and senti-

ments which were embellished even by Ossian, have no doubt received a still higher degree of factitious ornament and poetical colouring in passing through the translation of Mr. Macpherson. The Ossian of Macpherson probably conveys a much less perfect resemblance of the original than even the Homer of Pope. But we agree with lord Woodhouselee that the coincidences or imitations, which may be traced between the Ossian of Macpherson and the poets of the eighteenth century, though they prove that his version is not literal, are, by no means, evidence that he had no originals before him. Though the veracity of Macpherson was evidently mortified by the assertion of Dr. Johnson and others, that the poems were a forgery, yet the imputation of the exclusive authorship, was probably gratifying to his vanity. Thus a vacillation may have taken place in his mind, in which the sobriety of truth and the flippancy of vanity may have alternately prevailed; and this may account for the mysterious silence which he preserved while living, and of which the reasons have not been clearly developed since his death.

Macpherson certainly had it in his power to have placed the authenticity or spuriousness of the poems beyond the possibility of critical doubt by producing the originals as far as they were written; or by referring to the persons from whom he received those which he obtained only from oral recitation; but there was a mixture of enigmatical and disingenuous obscurity in his conduct, which is difficult to be reconciled with the simplicity of disinterested truth. His vanity, however, may solve the principal difficulty of the argument. The committee of the highland Society, as lord Woodhouselee has remarked, 'pushed this investigation as far as it can possibly go;' and even they have left the question in some degree of doubt. They believe that Macpherson possessed originals, but that he took great liberties in translating them; that he softened what was harsh, refined what was gross, decorated what was rude, dignified what was mean, elevated what was low.

In 1774, Lord Kames published, his '*Sketches of the History of Man*,' in two volumes, 4to. This work, which was the gradual accumulation of the reading and reflection of several years, must be regarded rather as a collection of facts, conjectures, and disquisitions, than a finished history. But it is full of valuable matter. Lord Woodhouselee gives a brief analytical view of the work, accompanied with some judicious observations.

The opinion of lord Kames that the *savage state* was the

original condition of man was combated by Dr. Doig, master of the grammar school of Stirling, in two learned letters. When the first of these letters was transmitted to lord Kames, dated from Stirling, but without any subscription, he was passing his Christmas holidays at Blair-Drummond. His curiosity was excited to discover the author.

'In conversing on the subject with an intimate friend, Dr. Graham Mar, of Leckie, a gentleman of taste and erudition, and of great scientific knowledge, who frequently visited him in the country, his lordship, producing the letter of his anonymous correspondent, 'In the name of wonder,' said he,' Doctor, what prodigy of learning have you got in the town of Stirling, who is capable of writing this letter, which I received a few days ago?' The doctor, after glancing over a few pages, answered 'I think I know him.—There is but one man who is able to write this letter, and a most extraordinary man he is;—David Doig, the master of our grammar school.'—'What!'—said lord Kames; 'a genius of this kind, within a few miles of my house, and I never to have heard of him! and a fine fellow too: he tells his mind roundly and plainly: I love him for that:—he does not spare me: I respect him the more.—You must make us acquainted, my good doctor: I will write him a card; and to-morrow, if you please, you shall bring him to dine with me.'

'We mention this circumstance because it forms an amiable trait in the character of lord Kames. A friendship commencedbetween Dr. Doig and lord K. and a correspondence which was terminated only by death.

Lord Kames, who had from a very early period of his life directed his attention to agricultural pursuits, published in 1776, the result of his own experience, with that of his reading and research. This work was published at the advanced age of eighty; a period of life at which few enjoy such activity of mind and vigour of exertion as were displayed by lord Kames. In the following year he published in one vol. 8vo. *Elucidations respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland.* In these disquisitions he is said to have displayed his wonted ingenuity of exposition and labour of research. This work was dedicated to Mr. Dundas (Lord Melville) then lord advocate for Scotland. Mr. Dundas, or rather lord Melville, has seldom received higher praise than has been bestowed in this dedication of lord Kames; and indeed higher praise cannot easily be bestowed. For the author says of him that he has candour enough to make truth welcome against his own prepossessions and talents to make it triumph over the prepossessions of others.

It had been the constant practice of lord Kames since his

promotion to the Scottish bench in 1752 to 'note the particulars of every remarkable case which occurred in the practice of the court of session, with his own observations on the decision, and occasionally on the opinions of his brother judges.'—These reports are a striking proof that, amidst his variety of literary and philosophical pursuits, he never lost sight of his judicial duties. They were published in 1780, in one volume folio: and may be regarded as a supplement to the *Remarkable Decisions* which he had printed while a barrister.

The last literary work, in which lord Kames was engaged, was a treatise on education. This was undertaken in his eighty-fifth year; and was published at Edinburgh in 1781, under the title of *Loose Hints on Education.* It refers rather to a system of moral than intellectual culture; but it contains many judicious observations, the fruit of his past experience and reflection; and it exhibits the piety and benevolence of the author in a very pleasing point of view. The following sentences, which are quoted by lord Woodhouselee, sufficiently prove that the mind which could dictate them, as one of the last bequests of its wisdom, had long been the sanctuary of charity and of peace.

'Teach your children to prefer their own religion, but inculcate that the virtuous are acceptable to God, however erroneous in point of belief. Press it home to them, that there is nothing in nature to prevent different sects of Christians from living amicably together, more than different sects of philosophers or of men who work in different arts; especially as the articles of faith which distinguish these sects are purely speculative: they have no relation to morals, nor any influence on our conduct. Yet from these distinctions have proceeded rancour and animosity, as if our most important concerns had been at stake. In a different view the absurdity appears still more glaring. These articles, the greater part at least, relate to subjects beyond the reach of human understanding. The Almighty by his works of creation, has made his wisdom and benevolence manifest; but *he has not found it necessary to explain to his creatures the manner of his existence;* and in all appearance, the manner of his existence is beyond the reach of our conceptions. Persecution for the sake of religion would have been entirely prevented by wholesome education, instilling into the minds of young people that difference of opinions is no just cause of discord, and that different sects may live amicably together. In a word, neglect no opportunity to impress on the minds of your pupils that religion is given for our good, and that no religion can be true, which tends to disturb the peace of society.'

The parable on toleration which lord Woodhouselee

quotes, p. 225, vol. ii, and ascribes to Dr. Franklin, is altered from Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophecying:' where it appears to more advantage than in the variation of the American philosopher.

Lord Kames was now approaching his 'long home,' and we shall soon behold the material receptacle of his genius and worth consigned to the sepulchre of death. He had enjoyed a more than ordinary share of good health; for at the advanced age of 85, he was free from any chronical disease, or any considerable infirmities, which are the usual symptoms of decay. His habits of intense study, the bad effects of which were counteracted by regular exercise in the open air, had not occasioned a premature declension of his corporeal strength; and the faculties of his mind were even less impaired than those of his body.

During the vacation of 1782, Lord K. 'went as usual with his family to Blair-Drummond:' 'It is very possible,' said he, to his daughter-in-law, 'that this journey may shorten my life a little space; but what then, have I not lived long enough?'

'A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a short walk which he took with her (his daughter-in-law) in the garden, he desired her to sit down by him on one of the benches, saying he felt himself much fatigued; and adding that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. On her expressing a hope that, on his going to town, his friend Dr. Cullen, who knew his constitution, might be able to give him some advice that would be of service to him, and that she flattered herself his disease had been rather less troublesome to him for some time past. 'My dear child,' said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, 'don't talk of my disease, I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs. Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary? I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service, for I feel that I am dying, and I thank God that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of outliving my faculties; of that, I trust, there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one; and prosperous on the whole beyond my deserts; but I would fain indulge the hope that it has not been useless to my fellow-creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child, and I have lived to see it accomplished: I am now ready to obey my Maker's summons.'—He then poured forth a short but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden he said, 'This is my last farewell to this place: I think I shall never see it more. I go to town chiefly

to satisfy Mrs. Drummond; otherwise I would willingly have remained here. But go where I will, I am in the hands of Almighty God.'

Lord Kames attended the court of session for a few days after his return to Edinburgh; but he soon found the effort too great for his strength. On the last day of his attendance, he took a separate and affectionate leave of each of his brethren on the bench; and he died in about eight days after this, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Few live so long, and fewer spend their time so well. To professional men and to men of letters, lord Kames may be usefully recommended as a model of incessant assiduity. He suffered no time to flit away without its appropriate occupation. His mind was never without some object of pursuit; and, when that was attained, no relaxation ensued. The completion of one work was the beginning of another. His thoughts were perpetually busied with some object of general utility; and whether it were law, policy, morality, metaphysics, criticism, agriculture, or education, the general good, or the good of some large class of his fellow creatures, was the end which he proposed. Whether we regard him as a philosopher, who explains the principles, or who illustrates and exemplifies the abstractions of law, as a practitioner who develops the habitual routine of the courts, as a critic who delivers the laws of composition, or as a moralist who inculcates rules of life, he always preserves a dignified respectability. He had read too much, conversed too much, and thought too much, to be shallow in his ideas or superficial in his knowledge on any subject on which he chose to write. He is never frivolous, though not always profound. Where he does not impress conviction by the solidity of his arguments, he seldom fails to excite admiration by his ingenuity. His mind was quick and excursive; and the multiplicity of his studies rather augmented than diminished the facility of his combinations. Rapidity, or rather a certain instantaneous velocity of apprehension is apt in young persons, who are not sufficiently aware of the little which the wisest know, and of the comparative ignorance which invelops even those whom we deem profound, to generate an overweening self-sufficiency and conceit. Something of this kind was observable in some juvenile traits of the character of lord Kames, but it seems to have been renounced in his maturer years. The more a man really knows, the more modest he becomes: and though there is a kind of diffidence, which often accompanies ignorance, yet wisdom is more often associated with

that estimable quality. Lord Kames knew how to form and to maintain an opinion, but he was not a blind nor bigoted dogmatist. He was open to conviction; and he could hear what was to be said *on the other side.*

As a writer, lord Kames deserves the praise of copiousness of matter rather than elegance of style. His diction has not that nicety of polish which the discriminating sensibility of taste only can give. There is little variety or melody in his periods. The colloquial vulgarities, perhaps we ought rather to say familiarities, which he occasionally admits into his sentences, were, perhaps in a great degree, owing to the habits of forensic debate, in which they are unavoidable. And we all know how difficult it is, even when we think ourselves on our guard against the practice, to avoid forms of expression or modes of phraseology to which we are accustomed. The technical idiom of a profession or a trade, seems to influence the mechanism of the mind.

The philosophy of lord Kames, whatever alloy of the fanciful or absurd may have been mingled with the richer ore, contained what is often wanting in the works even of philosophers, a considerable mixture of good sense. His habits of reflection made him a speculative, but his habits of business kept him a practical man. He did not soar into the region of metaphysics to lose sight of this *visible diurnal sphere.* He often turned his eyes to the surface of common life; and he thought that philosophy the best which is most useful to man. Of the theological opinions of Lord Kames, we shall only say, that he was a rational, a steady, and a consistent believer in the power, the wisdom, the benevolence, and the moral government of God; and we heartily wish that those who have reviled him for not believing more, did, themselves, believe as much.

In private life Lord Kames appears to have been an amiable man; and of this we have no uncertain indication in his fondness for the society of young persons of both sexes. There must be a large substratum of benevolence in the character, where age can accommodate its feelings to the frolic gaiety of youth. His mind was naturally elastic and cheerful; and his cheerfulness partook of that religious serenity which so far reposes on an overruling Providence as never to be dejected with doubt, nor distracted with care. He looked at the bright side of things; and he did not, with querulous solicitude, anticipate uncertain ills.

It is now time to take our leave of lord Kames, and to speak of the manner in which his biographer has executed his task. Lord Woodhouselee has brought together a great

mass of information relative to the literary history of Scotland, during a period which was adorned by the most splendid talents and the most memorable names; but some of his details are too extraneous, some of his digressions are too irrelevant, and many of his reflections too common place. We are far from affirming that the work is dull; but it is not so animated as it might have been rendered by throwing out some of the languid and flat passages, which lessen the interest of the whole. In the diction and in the structure of the sentences, there are many parts which are very uncouth to an English ear. More condensation in the matter, and more ease, harmony, and elegance in the style, would have rendered this a most engaging specimen of that species of biography which renders the life of some eminent individual a centre on which to revolve the literary history of the times.—But '*non ego paucis offendar maculis:*'—Though there are some defects in this production of Lord Woodhouselee, we should be guilty of great injustice to him and to the public, if we did not acknowledge that it contains a great variety of important matter; and that those, who will read it through with as much attention as we have done, will find it a reservoir of much instruction and amusement. The appendix contains many valuable letters, some of which we regret that we have not room to quote.

ART. III.—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England, &c. By T. C. Banks, Esq. (Continued from p. 402 of the last Volume).*

THE second volume of this work, as we have before mentioned, is appropriated to those families whose honours had their origin by writ, and 'thenceforth became an inheritance in fee descendible to the heirs general.' In examining its contents we shall pursue the plan adopted in our first article, of noticing some few of the particulars exhibited in it which wear to us the appearance of novelty, and are calculated to afford general entertainment to our readers.

The barony of Abergavenny has been supposed by many writers to pass with the possession of the castle, in the same manner as the castle of Arundel has been *adjudged* to carry the *earldom* to every successive proprietor; but Mr. Banks has, we think, very satisfactorily corrected this mistake by his statement of the several descents through which the title has passed, especially in the female branches. The decision in

the Bergavenny case, (1 Jac.) does not certainly go the length of confirming the popular opinion, although it at that time happened that the heir male, in whose favour the barony was adjudged, was also the possessor of the castle. It should seem, however, that that decision may very fairly be called in question, since the descent, in many prior instances, had taken place to the heirs general in the female line; and so it was probably thought when the king, by way of compromise, granted the dignity of LeDespenser to Lady Fane, the unsuccessful claimant.

Of James, 18th lord Audley and earl of Castlehaven, Mr. Banks makes a remark which we should be apt to suspect as satirical, did not our author's veneration for dormant and extinct nobility almost preclude the irreverent supposition. 'If this noble Lord,' he says, 'who led a very martial life, had not taken the pains to record his own actions, little would be known of him; historians hardly making any mention of him.' It seems he had been accused of certain malpractices respecting the conduct of the civil wars in Ireland, and published a pamphlet called the 'The Earl of Castlehaven's Review, or his Memoir of his Engagement and Carriage in the Irish Wars,' in explanation of his supposed misconduct. On the strength of this publication, he is classed among Walpole's 'Noble Authors;' and the reader who wishes for further information may seek it there.

Lady Elizabeth Tucket, sister of the last earl of Castlehaven (who died in 1777 without issue) was wife to the celebrated Governor Thicknesse, and the following curious particulars are related concerning her:

'It seems that when the lady Elizabeth Tucket married Mr. Thicknesse, she very much offended her father the earl of Castlehaven, who would never forgive her; which instance of his unnatural conduct is rather whimsically alluded to, in a quibbling comparison between the infinite mercy of the Lord of 'Heven,' and the unrelenting cruelty of the Lord of 'Haven;' by the following epitaph, inscribed upon her grave-stone in the chapel of Landguard-Fort, Suffolk;

Sacred to the memory
Of Lady Elizabeth Thicknesse.
'The Lord of Heven forsook her not.'

In the year 1762, Governor Thicknesse buried his wife, or rather left her behind him; for she could not be said to be interred, being nearly placed upon the surface of the ground, under an arch of brickwork closed at the ends. This a few years ago sunk in, and it was found necessary to rebury her; which was done by Governor Singleton, at as little expence as possible; and without any step

being taken towards the reparation of the arch, or even replacing the marble above-named, which was affixed to it, recording her death. The latter was moved from place to place, till it was mislaid, and was found in General Blake's wine-cellar, broken in two pieces, January 8th, 1804; the former continues (probably to this day) in a state of negligence and ruin.' P. 22, 3, note.

Under the head of 'Beaumont,' we remark an inaccuracy, which is the more striking as it occurs in an instance where the heraldic doctrine of abeyance would otherwise have been very fully displayed. William, the last viscount Beaumont, died, 23 H. 7. without issue, on which event his title was supposed to have become extinct. Francis lord Lovel, his sister's son, would have been next heir, *if living*, and not attainted at the time of his death; but he had been attainted, and his attainder was conceived to be a bar to the further descent of the title. It seems he had two sisters, and Mr. Banks says the barony was therefore not extinct as was supposed to be the case, but passed to the sisters, not as heirs of their brother Francis, *but of their mother*. Now it is obvious, from the very case in Dyer's Reports, which Mr. Banks has cited, that this could by no means be true, unless it could be proved that Francis lord Lovel died, living William viscount Beaumont; for, had he survived him, his sisters must have made out their claim *through* him, and then the attainder would have been a complete bar. But this obvious and necessary step is overlooked, and, neither in the text nor in the genealogical table annexed, is the date of lord Lovel's death at all referred to.

We wish that Mr. B. had furnished us with some more particulars respecting John lord Berners, for whom we have so high a respect as the translator of Froissart, than that he was 'deputy of Calais, chancellor of the exchequer, and eminent for his learning as an author.'

Henry lord Cobham, the miserable tool in Raleigh's conspiracy, who was pardoned on the scaffold when so many 'better men' suffered as victims to the jealousy of King James, is here said to have forfeited by his attainder a landed estate of 7000*l.* a year, together with personal property to the amount of 30,000*l.* and to have died in prison 'lousy, for want of apparel and linen;' a striking example, we allow, of the reverses of fortune, but in what particular respect deserving Mr. B.'s* appellation of 'a sin-

* Perhaps, however, this is not Mr. B.'s expression, but Sir Dudley Carleton's, whose authority he cites; it certainly sounds a little like the puritanical fashion of former days.

gular judgment,' we are rather at a loss to discover; any otherwise than as we all admit the affairs of the world to be in the disposal of Providence. 'It is moreover asserted,' adds Mr. B. 'that the lady Cobham, his wife, though very rich, would not even give him the crumbs from her table.' If Lady Cobham had died lousy as well as her husband, we should have been apt, perhaps, to cry out with Mr. B. 'A judgment! a judgment!'

The celebrated Reginald, cardinal Pole, was not of this family. His title to the crown was derived from his mother, the countess of Salisbury, daughter to George duke of Clarence.

In the family of West, lord Delawar, occurs an instance of, what has been before remarked, the preference of the nearer relation by the half-blood over the more distant kindred of full blood, which obtains in the law of baronial descents, contrary to the maxim respecting the descent of lands. Thomas, lord Delawar, dying without issue, 5 Hen. VI. the barony devolved upon sir Reginald West, the son of Joan, *half-sister* to the said lord Thomas, in preference to Griffin, the heir-general, who was grandson of Catherine, sister of the whole blood to lord Thomas's father. Mr. Banks, in his quaint stile of expression, accounts it 'matter of marvel,' that Dugdale and Collins should have cited this as an extraordinary circumstance, 'for *sure it is*, that according to the accepted law of descent *touching* baronies in fee, the issue of the last baron seised of the title, whether from a first, second, or third wife, must have a right to succeed before the issue of a sister of the same baron.'

Le Despencer (or Spencer, for both, we believe, descend from the same stock) is the name of an office, like the Scotch name of Stuart. One Robert was steward *or dispenser* to William the Conqueror; and two *Dispensers* are mentioned under the reign of Henry I. William and Thirstine; but whether or not connected in blood either with one another, or with the aforesaid Robert, Mr. Banks does not take upon him to determine. He only *supposes* that Thirstine was ancestor to Hugh *the Despenser*, who lived temp. Henry III. and who is the first ascertained ancestor of the present noble families.

Of Thirstine, a curious anecdote is given from Camden's Remains, which illustrates the simple hospitality of a Norman king in a striking manner,

'In the time of Henry I. it was the custom of the court, that books, bills, and letters, should be drawn and signed for servitors

in court, concerning their own matters, without fee. But at this time Thirstine, the king's steward, or Le Despencer as they then called him (from whom the family of the lords Spencer came) exhibited to the king a complaint against Adam, of Yarmouth, clerk of the signet, for that he refused to sign, without a fee, a bill passed for him. The king first heard Thirstine, commending the old custom at large; and charging the clerk for exacting somewhat contrary thereto, for passing his book. Then the clerk was heard, who briefly said, 'I received the book, and sent unto your steward, desiring him only to bestow upon me two spice-cakes made for your own mouth; who returned for answer, he would not; and thereupon I denied to seal his book.' The king greatly disliked the steward for returning this negative; and forthwith made Adam sit down upon the bench, with the seals, and Thirstine's book before him, but compelled the steward to put off his cloak, to fetch two of his best spicked cakes for the king's own mouth; to bring them in a fair white napkin, and with low curtsie, to present them to Adam, the clerk; which being accordingly done, the king commanded Adam to seal and deliver him his book, and made them friends; adding this speech: 'officers of the court must gratifie and shew a cast of their office, not only one to another, but also to strangers, whensoever need shall require.'

The barony of Despencer, after the death of Thomas Despencer, earl of Gloucester, (beheaded 1 Henry IV.) passed successively into the families of Beauchamp, Nevil, Fane, Dashwood, and Stapleton, in which last it now rests. The name of Francis Dashwood, baron Despenser, (who died without issue 1781) is connected with an event which all our readers may not expect to find mentioned in a history of 'Dormant and extinct Baronage.'

'Although his lordship had no legitimate issue, yet it seems he had several natural children, who bore his name; of whom Rachael Fanny Antonia Dashwood (by a Mrs. B-rry) in 1794, was married to Mathew Allen Lee, esq. a young man of genteel family, yet small fortune, and known in the fashionable world by the appellation of handsome Lee. But from this gentleman a separation took place in 1795; since when, she has not been a little celebrated and a subject of inconsiderable public conversation, by reason of her prosecution of the two brothers, Lockhart and Lauden Gordon, for forcibly taking her from her house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly; a trial which excited very general curiosity, and came on at the assizes at Oxford, March 6th, 1804, when they were both acquitted.'

Under the article 'Fitzwalter,' where Mr. Banks mentions Robert the famous baron of that name, who was constituted general of the rebel army in the reign of John, with the title

of 'Marshal of the army of God and the church,' we should have expected some notice to have been taken of the fair Matilda, his daughter, of whom the legend says that the king having made various assaults upon her impregnable chastity, caused her at last to be poisoned at Dunmow Priory, that she might not report his conduct to her father, then in France. The story is generally agreed to be false; but, nevertheless, it is one which has obtained so much popular credit, besides having been made the subject of two of Drayton's 'heroical epistles,' that we are astonished it should have been passed over in silence. The name of Matilda, even, is not mentioned in the text, although we find her existence recognised in the genealogical table.

The name of Lovel is nothing more than the diminutive *Lupellus*, (or little wolf) which was given to William, the son of Ascelin Govel de Perceval, one of the companions of the Conqueror. This Ascelin, who was surnamed 'Lupus,' from his extraordinary fierceness of disposition, is the stock from which not only the antient barons of Lovel sprang (extinct in the person of Francis viscount Lovel, temp. Henry VII.) but the present chancellor of the exchequer also derives his descent, tracing it from Richard, a younger brother of William *Lupellus*, who retained the primitive name of his family. The barony of Lovel, also, was revived in the year 1762, in favour of the earl of Egmont.

The fortunes of Francis, the last lord and only viscount Lovel of the old stock, are very interesting. He was the friend and favourite of Richard III. and fought by the side of that unfortunate monarch at the battle of Bosworth-field. He escaped with difficulty the slaughter of that day, and fled to the dominions of the duke of Burgundy, from whence he returned to share in the desperate enterprise of Lambert Simnel, and *was said* to have been slain at the battle of Stoke.

'But, however certain it is that he attempted to make his escape out of the fight, being seen on horseback endeavouring to swim the river Trent; yet, from this period, no further mention of him is made by any historian. Though there was a strong rumour that he for the present preserved his life, by retiring to some secret place where he was starved to death by the treachery or neglect of those in whom he confided. Which report, in later days, seems to be confirmed by a very particular circumstance, related in a letter from William Cowper, esq. clerk of the parliament, concerning the supposed finding of the body of Francis Lord Lovel, viz.

'SIR, *Hertingfordbury Park, 9th August*, 1737.

'I met 'tother day with a memorandum I had made some years

ago, perhaps not unworthy your notice. You may remember that lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII. giving an account of the battle of Stoke, says of the lord Lovel, who was among the rebels, that he fled, and swame over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side, by reason of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after in a cave or vault.

'Apropos to this; on the 6th of May, 1728, the present duke of Rutland related in my hearing, that about twenty years then before, viz. in 1708, upon occasion of new laying a chimney at Minster-Luvel, there was discovered a large vault or room under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, &c. &c.; in another part of a room lay a cap, all much mouldered and decayed; which the family, and others, judged to be this Lord Lovel whose exit has hitherto been so uncertain.'

From hence it may be concluded, that it was the fate of this unhappy lord to have retired to his own house after the battle, and there to have intrusted himself to some servant, by whom he was immured, and afterwards neglected, either through treachery, fear, or some accident which befel that person. A melancholy period to the life and fortunes of one of the greatest and most active noblemen of the æra wherein he lived.' P. 321.

We have all heard and read a great deal about the splendour of the now ruined castle of Kenilworth, during the time that queen Elizabeth kept her court there; but few of our readers, perhaps, know that the same place was the scene of equally magnificent solemnities three centuries before, when Roger Mortimer, lord Wigmore, (grand-father of queen Isabella's adulterous paramour) was its possessor.

P. 366. 'In 7 Edw. I. when all was quiet, having procured the honour of knighthood for his three sons, he, at his own costs, held a tournament at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained one hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days, the like whereof had never been before in England; and there began a *round table* (so called from the place wherein they practised those feats), which was environed with a strong wall made in a round form. And upon the fourth day, the *Golden Lion*, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it with all that company to Warwick. The fame whereof being spread into foreign countries, occasioned the queen of Navarre to send him certain wooden bottles, bound with golden bars and wax under pretence of wine, but, in truth, filled with gold; which were for many ages after kept in the abbey of Wigmore. Whereupon, for the love of that queen, he added a *carbuncle* to his arms.'

Was not lord Poynings, the celebrated lieutenant of Ire-

land, of the family mentioned in p. 486? If so, why is his name, or the leading circumstance annexed to it, omitted?

The history of no English family, perhaps, can show more signal instances of the mutations of fortune than that of 'Stafford,' even more unhappy in the days of its overgrown greatness, than in those of its low and abject poverty. Humphrey, the first duke of Buckingham of this house, fell in the cause of the unfortunate Lancastrian party, at the battle of Northampton, 38 H. VI. Humphrey earl of Stafford, his son, perished in the same cause, at the battle of St. Alban's. Henry duke of Buckingham, his son, was the famous duke of Richard the third's time, who died, as is well known, on the scaffold. And the same fate was reserved for his son Edward, who was restored by Henry VII. to his father's dignities, only that he might fall a sacrifice to the pride of Wolsey, and the jealousy of his tyrannical master.

'When the emperor Charles V. heard of his fall, he is said to have exclaimed, "*A butcher's dog hath killed the finest buck in England.*"

Among the immediate ancestors of these illustrious men, Edmund, the father of the first duke, was slain at the battle of Shrewsbury; and Ralph, one of his uncles, was murdered by sir John Holland (half-brother to Richard II.) on an expedition into Scotland.

Henry, son of the last duke, was afterwards restored to the barony, and he and his successors enjoyed it for three generations, till the death of another Henry lord Stafford, in 1637. On this event, it was supposed that the barony (which had been limited to *heirs male* on its new creation by Edward VI.) became extinct; and accordingly Mary, the sister of the late lord, and heir to the family estates, together with her husband, sir William Howard, petitioned the king to have it again erected in their favour. But now an unexpected claimant stepped forth, the legitimacy of whose title it was never once attempted, because it was impossible, seriously to doubt, but who was overthrown entirely from his own poverty and the weighty influence of the house of Howard. The detail of this most nefarious transaction, as it is given us by Mr. Banks, shall conclude our present extracts. It may be remarked by the way, that fortune, who dealt in this instance so unequally between the poor heir and the rich usurper, seems to have made up the difference in the end. Poor Roger Stafford, probably, returned to his cottage and died in peace. The proud sir William Howard, succeeded in the object of his unjust petition, and

perished many years after on the scaffold, the most innocent of all the bloody sacrifices made to the perjuries of Oates and Bedlowe.

'Richard Stafford, the younger son of Henry lord Stafford (son of the last duke of Buckingham) died very poor. He married Mary, daughter of John Corbet of Lee in Shropshire, by Anne his wife (widow of sir William Brereton of Brereton in Cheshire) and daughter of sir William Boothe of Dunham Massey; which Mary survived her husband and sued for her jointure at Essington in Gloucestershire, and lost it. She died at Congleton in Cheshire, and was buried at Brereton about 1632. Her daughter Jane Stafford was born about 1581, and was married to a joiner at Newport by Sheffnal in Shropshire; was living his widow in 1637, and had a son, then a cobler or shoemaker, in Newport. The grand-daughter of Henry lord Stafford, the great-grand-daughter of the mighty Edward duke of Buckingham, the wife of a joiner, and her son a cobler! credite Romani!

'Her father's mother, Ursula, was daughter (as before said), of sir Richard Pole by Margaret, daughter and heir of George duke of Clarence, brother to king Edward IV, but Richard Stafford her father, had also a son, the before-mentioned Roger.

'Roger was born at Malpas in Cheshire about 1572. This unfortunate man in his youth went by the name of Fludd or Floyde; for what reason has not yet been explained; perhaps with the indignant pride that the very name of Stafford should not be associated with the obscurity of such a lot! However, one Floyde, a servant of Mr. George Corbett of Cowlesmore near Lee in Shropshire, his mother's brother is recorded. And it is not improbable that this was some faithful servant under whose roof he might have been reared, or found a shelter from misfortunes, when all his great alliances, with a cowardly and detestable selfishness, might have forsaken him; and that he might have preferred the generous, though humble name of Floyde to one that had brought him nothing but a keener memorial of his misfortunes.

'At the age of 65, he became, by the early death of Henry lord Stafford (the great grandson of his father's elder brother), in 1637, heir male of the family; a circumstance which was to subject him to new mortifications.

'The act 1 Edw. 6, restored his grandfather in blood, gave to him and the heirs males of his body the rank of a baron; and enabled him and his successors to make jointures or grant a life estate to younger children; or dispose by will, for advancing children, or paying of debts to the amount of two thirds of the parcels of the small lands restored by Henry VIII. Yet Dugdale does not specify whether the entail is on the heir male or the heir general, except of a small part. But the entail of the peerage depended upon the act of Edward VI. and that is most express and decisive upon the heir male.

'Roger Stafford, therefore, in 1637, became, beyond all doubt, lord Stafford; and accordingly petitioned the king and the lords. In the discussion of this case, it appeared that Henry lord Stafford sat in parliament the whole of Edward VI.'s reign, as the younger baron.

'It is stated by Dugdale, that in the reign of queen Mary, he and lord Clinton had a dispute about precedence; and for his meanness in descending to this dispute after having lost the dukedom of Buckingham, is founded lord Orford's censure of him. But Dugdale has mistaken the fact. In the parliament, 4 and 5 P. and M., he and lord Clinton joined in petitioning, "to be restored to the rooms, pre-eminences, and places of their ancestors.'"

'And this place the lords Stafford enjoyed, down to Henry; who dying in 1637, left his sister Mary, wife of sir Wm. Howard, his heir. On this event, Roger Stafford conceiving himself clearly entitled to the same seat in parliament, submitted his right to the king's judgment. But hear the cruel and unjust result, aggravated, if it be possible, by the cruelty of the manner! "Roger Stafford, in his youth called Fludd, pretending himself to be descended from a younger son of the said Henry, first lord Stafford, did claim the barony of Stafford, which title and dignity the said William Howard in right of his said lady, did also claim." For the deciding of which several disputes, the said Roger Stafford, on the 5 December, 1637, did submit to the king's majesty all his title to that barony. Upon which submission, his majesty declared his *royal pleasure*, that the said Roger Stafford *having no parte of the inheritance of the said lord Stafford, nor any other landes or means whatsoever*, (a most honest and generous reason), should make a resignation of all claims and title to the said barony of Stafford, for his majesty to dispose of as he should see fit. In obedience and performance of which said order, the said Roger Stafford (who was never married), did, by his deed enrolled, dated 7 December, 1639, grant and surrender unto his majesty the said barony of Stafford, and the honour, name, and dignity of lord Stafford, in and by that act granted, and all his right, &c.; and covenanted, before the end of Hilary Term next, to levy a fine of the barony; which fine was levied accordingly. After which surrender made, and fine levied, the king, by patent, 12 Sept. 16 Cha. I. created sir William Howard, and Mary his wife, baron and baroness Stafford, with remainder to the heirs males of their bodies, remainder to the heirs of their bodies, with such place and precedence, as Henry lord Stafford, brother of the said Mary, had, or ought to have, as baron Stafford. Which latter clause seems certainly illegal; for this would be nothing but a new creation; the limitations being totally different from those of the old honour. And no new creation can, without an act of parliament take precedence of any older creation of the same degree.

'Thus was this poor old man overpowered for ever. By what intimidation he was induced to surrender his right cannot now be known; but the validity of a fine has since been questioned and

overturned. And, to shew how far such oppression may extend beyond the case of the present sufferer, this case of Roger Stafford was very strongly urged as a precedent in that of the viscount Purbeck, by sir William Jones, then attorney general. Who was answered by the earl of Shaftsbury; who says; "this sole, single, melancholy precedent, was condemned in parliament, 1640." And in that instance, the lords, who luckily felt for their own families, got rid of this dangerous example, and determined, "that no fine now levied, or at any time hereafter to be levied, to the king, can bar any title of honour, or the right of any person claiming such title under him that levied, or shall levy such fine." P. 580.

The tables of descent annexed shew at one view, more clearly than can be done in detail, the connection of the several branches whose different fortunes form the subject of our last quotation. Mr. Banks observes pointedly enough in a note on the name of Jane, the sister of Roger the claimant, "who married a joiner, and had a son a cobler, living at Newport, by Sheffnal in Shropshire, in 1637;" "The most zealous advocate for equality must surely here be highly gratified, when he is told, that the great-grand-daughter of Margaret, daughter and heir of George duke of Clarence, brother to king Edward IV, was the wife of a common joiner, and her son the *mender of old shoes!!!*"

The male descendants of sir William Howard (of whom the four last enjoyed the title of *earls* Stafford) became extinct in the person of John-Paul the last earl, who died in 1762, and although the representation still survives in female branches, it does not appear that any claim has been since instituted in respect of the barony. Neither do we find that Mr. Banks's industry has traced any living descendants from Jane Howard the joiner's wife, who, (did any such exist) might still perhaps, be admitted to contend that the forced resignation of Roger Stafford can in no wise effect their rights which they claim collaterally to him from Richard Stafford his father. And, in failure of descendants from Jane, Mr. B. seems to imagine that there may yet be existing some progeny of Walter, a younger brother of Richard, whom the renunciation of Roger can be supposed to affect even less than his sister and her offspring. How can we say that among the crazy persecutors of the chancellor, there may not be some unfortunate persons with claims as unquestionable (if the truth was sifted) as poor Roger's?

Another singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune, (but of a different nature from the foregoing) occurs in the well-known instance of Catherine, heiress of the house of Willoughby de Eresby, and fourth wife of the great Charles

Brandon, duke of Suffolk, whom surviving, she afterwards married a private gentlemen of the name of Bertie. In the time of queen Mary's persecution, she was compelled together with her husband (on account of the zealous part they had jointly taken in the reformation) to fly the country; and so great were the distresses to which they were reduced, that this duchess is actually said to have fallen in labour under a church-porch in Holland, for want of better shelter. A curious old ballad descriptive of these extraordinary incidents, is here preserved; but our limits will not admit of any further transcripts. The child born under these *discouraging* circumstances was named Peregrine; he was restored by Elizabeth to his mother's title of Willoughby, and became the progenitor of the earls of Lindsay and dukes of Ancaster.

We must now take leave of Mr. Banks, who has already afforded us a great deal of entertainment and instruction, expecting to derive yet more from the promised publication of another volume.

ART. IV.—*Fowling, a Poem (in five Books), descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting.* 12*mo. pp.* 150. Cadell. 1808.

THIS is a very pleasing poem, the author of which professes to have written "without any view to publication, during the various hours of leisure, afforded by his distant removal from the tiresome tumults of public society;" but he should not have resorted to so hacknied a plea in justification of what requires no apology.

Had a poem on this subject been written two or three centuries ago, its readers would have expected from it gay and animating descriptions of gallant knights and fair ladies, each with her kestrel on her wrist, sallying forth from some princely hall or castle by break of day, all nobly mounted, with troops of squires and pages at their heels and well-trained falcons for the sport. The various fortunes of the day would be answerable to so fair an opening; and the whole would perhaps conclude with a right merry and joyous banquet, some goodly peacock with all his pride and plumage, filling up the middle space on the table. The same title will now call up a very different train of ideas, ideas which can only be admitted as poetical in a high state of refinement and cultivation, and which have constituted a class of poetry extremely familiar in modern days to our countrymen, but almost unknown to

any other nation. It consists of a certain union of description and sentiment, which only solitude can engender, and strong habits of reflection, added to an ardent admiration of the beauties of nature, can inspire. It is a species of poetry strikingly adapted to the serious and contemplative character of this people, a character which, in many respects, most honourably distinguishes us from almost all the rest of mankind.

It cannot be denied that this peculiar gift has frequently been abused by sickly sensibility, and outraged by unnatural affectation. Sometimes it is made a vehicle for low familiarity, sometimes for infantile simplicity; for the ravings of enthusiastic devotion, or the misconceptions of gloomy methodism. And as singularity will bestow a fashion upon every species of bad taste and error, so in no one instance has the catching absurdity died with its inventor, but has generally created a host of admirers, and, not unfrequently, a tribe hardly less numerous of imitators.

It is our duty to oppose the prevalence of these and similar errors in public opinion, wherever we think them perceptible; and it is very possible that in some instances of general criticism, our zeal may have overstepped the bounds of caution or of just discrimination. We shall not allow, however, that it has ever betrayed us into unjust censure or condemnation of any work, the merits of which it has fallen within our province to appreciate. Our *official judgments* are founded upon the conviction arising in our own minds from the fullest examination of the subject, and these we shall be always ready to defend and maintain.

But with regard to the poem now before us, we are most happy in being able to say that it is not only very free (in general,) from any infection of the prevailing bad taste, but is worthy of being distinguished for many true and legitimate beauties. We are the more happy in stating this opinion because we conceive the author to be a young man, and are informed that he now appears for the first time before the public. For these reasons we may confidently trust that his good sense will continue to preserve him from errors which have hitherto failed of seducing him, and almost as confidently look forward to the improvement of those powers which he has shewn himself to possess. In perusing his work, we had originally marked, perhaps half a dozen passages which savoured (as we thought) of fashionable simplicity and fashionable familiarity of expression; but, upon looking over it again we found them so few, so comparatively inoffensive, and so unlike the author's general style,

that we fancied it would look more like carping, than criticising, to take any particular notice of them,—from the yet more contagious and more abominable vices of canting and whining he is totally exempt; and although we trembled for the fate of a poetical fowler, lest he should not have escaped treading on the dangerous ground of modern sensibilities, we soon found that there was no reason for our fear. He is a true sportsman (a keen one too,) of the old English breed: he loves his dogs, and cherishes some affection even for that dumb creature, his gun; he even confesses an hereditary regard for the ancient natural inmate of our ancestors, Robin Redbreast, not a feather of whose wings he would touch, even when, a boy, he used to go out armed for the destruction of small birds; he feelingly reprobates all infliction of unnecessary pain upon animals of whatever shape or dimensions; but he thinks human beings objects of more concern to their fellow-men than even jackasses or wood-pigeons; and these honest prepossessions he confesses, without fine-strung nerves or a heart feelingly attuned to the sympathetic vibrations of pain and pleasure, and without (as far as we remember) shedding a single tear. Till these plaguy sensibilities and simplicities came in vogue, which now run away with our youth of both sexes, and hurry them the Lord knows whither, an over-fondness for ornament and metaphor were considered as the most usual characteristics of young poets; but since our friends on the lakes began to write, we have really almost forgotten that those vices ever existed. Our present author, however, has occasionally produced instances of these old-fashioned errors,—but those which we have detected are very few; and it is perhaps worthy of remark that they all occur in the *first book*, which, (as he seems to have prosecuted his design at intervals) may be fairly presumed to be of earlier composition than either of the succeeding.

Another defect, not of style, but yet of more importance than any we have yet noticed, is that the poem is by far too little diversified. It contains no episodes, and very few and very trifling incidents. Thus every succeeding book is the same as the last, with the exception of the different species of the sport which it describes. In all five the author rises at day-break (or earlier), "brushes away the morning dews," (like our old friend baron Pfiffleberg,) admires the scenery, caresses his dog, kills his game, takes his solitary and simple meal, and returns in the evening making suitable reflections on the pleasure of a country and troubles of a town-life. These last, indeed, he very much overcharges in his

imagination: for, having always, as he says, lived in the country himself, he seems to have no notion of the many pure and rational enjoyments which may be possessed even by a wretch condemned to the *prison-house of the metropolis*. What follows, for instance, must be allowed to be *somewhat too highly coloured*.

> 'As at this sweet and silent hour of eve,
> I take my lonely way, how more than mean,
> How vain and poor seem all your boasted joys
> Of gay society—where hollow smiles
> Hide heartfelt misery; where friendship's name,
> That should be sacred in the mouths of all,
> *Polluted* with the *flattering tongue of guile*,
> Runs round the *polished circle*; where the pow'r
> *Of avarice*, in amusement's borrow'd dress,
> *Inflates the rancorous heart*. Far, far from me
> For ever be your *tinsel* and your *glare*,
> Your *loud pretended mirth*, and *secret grief*,
> Whilst health and sport, and a few chosen friends
> In the deep rural scene are haply mine.'

The conclusion of the last book is also liable to the same objection, though in many respects highly poetical.

> 'Amid the rural scene still be it mine
> To pass my peaceful days. No populous town,
> *Noisy and gay, of lofty buildings proud,*
> *With sculpture graced**, possesses charms for me.
> More grateful to my eye the mountain rock,
> Worn by the hand of time, that frowning bends
> O'er the low grassy vale, the sweeping wood,
> And river winding swift its murmuring way;
> Nor the *fantastic luxuries* of life,
> My sober wishes move. No *tinsell'd robe*,
> Excites my envy—far more dear to me,
> The homely russet garb, in which through woods
> Of kindred hue my joyous sport I urge,—
> And can the costly perfumes, which the light
> And fickle voice of fashion loads with praise,
> Vie with the breath of morn, o'er thymy hills
> And flow'ry meadows wafted? what bright gem
> Can match the blazing sun, from which it draws
> Its imitative ray? and who, that feels
> Nature's invigorating power, regrets
> The sumptuous banquet *which rewards the guests*,
> *With many a dire distemper, oft with death?*

* This seems to argue a greater want of taste, than most men would be inclined to confess.

But, height of human vanity! to prize,
The sculptur'd monument, the fretted aisle
With ostentatious grandeur raised aloft,
Exalting the vain perishable dust
E'en at the soul's expence! When heaven requires
The spirit which it gave, a verdant turf,
Beside some low and simple village-spire,
Haply in woody vale with mountains girt,
The scene of harmless joys, my relics shroud.
The early sportsman oft may view the spot,
And kindly breathe the charitable wish;
The sun at least may smile, the dews of Heav'n
Softly descend; and nature's gentle voice
Oft whisper sweetly o'er the grassy mound.
Nature! admired and loved! with thee began
The sportive strain, with thee the strain shall end.

'Is there who, dead to feeling, never heard
Thy sweet inviting voice, that gently calls
To pleasures ever new—for whom thine hand
Has deck'd the seasons, the green budding Spring,
The flowing Summer, Autumn rich in fruits,
And Winter clad in ermine robe, in vain?
Can the sweet breath of flow'rs, the song of birds,
The waving forest, and the murmuring stream,
Inspire no soft delight? The tow'ring rock,
Or foaming torrent, or the dazzling sight
Or wintry splendour raise no sacred awe?
Unhappy is his fate, though fortune show'r
Her envied favours thick upon his head!
O great and beautiful, in all thy works,
In every season and in every scene!
May the life-blood, that circles round my heart,
Forget to flow, when I forget thy praise,
Or fail to seek thee with industrious foot
In all thy varied walks; whilst sport shall throw,
O'er all thy charms a lovelier brighter grace.'

As for us, we live in town, and are moreover somewhat advanced in years. For these reasons we are not, perhaps, fit judges in the cause; but to our sober comprehension it seems hardly right that the pursuit of fowling (very innocent and very laudable, taken as an exercise, or an amusement), should engross the whole time and thoughts of a rational being. By his own description our author should seem to do nothing else. He never goes to bed after a whole day's shooting, but he dreams of the success which is to attend him the next.—"Extasy," "transport," "dear delightful pleasures," are the mildest terms by which he can describe his feelings at the approach of day-light, reminding him of

his ensuing occupation; and his gun (like Mr. Moore's mistress) is to him

"His own little heaven of love."

But, luckily for him (or at least for his reputation in the eyes of us his censors) his own work gives the lie to the pretensions it conveys; since we are perfectly convinced that, if he always lived in the fields (as he gives us to understand) he never would have written such verses as the following:

'Sweet is the hour of morn, and nature's face
Beneath her influence, sweet in every scene;
E'en on the barren waste, but how much more
Amid these fertile fields, and woody vales,
Where the rich scene with interchange of charms
Enchants the eye; the verdure of the mead,
The upland brown, clear'd of its golden load,
And shady nook that yet demands the aid
Of the warm sun to change the waving corn.
Not a wild flower that lifts its modest head
Upon the mossy hedge, or vagrant spray
With pearly dew embossed, or humblest blade,
But to my eye the form of beauty wears.
Here wantons wild the vegetable world
In native pride profuse, nor has the year
That pride with stern and chilling frown yet checked.
Ah! what a glorious sight! the rising sun,
That slowly lifts his head above yon wood,
Gilding each trembling leaf of varied green,
Along the topmost ridge; whilst far below
The grey of early morn with floating mists
Conjoined, slow rising from the brawling stream,
Enwraps each dark and venerable trunk.
The mountain glisters in the orient ray;
And in the vale, rous'd by the distant view
Of the glad promis'd beam, the flocks and herds
In grateful concert hail the rising day.
Nor are the hedges silent; many a throat
Still chaunts the beauties of the waning year.'

'The work is done, and ere the setting sun,
But lingers on the brow of yon dark hill
Empurpl'd with his beams, to bid farewell,
Farewell great orb of day! content I view
Thy fiery disk forsake our hemisphere
Conveying light and life to other climes.
How still is all around! no human sounds
Nor low of wand'ring herds, nor bleat of sheep
Break the deep silence of these wastes remote.
The spoil secur'd, with joyous heart I leave
The solitary scene, to join once more

In the far distant vales my fellow-men.
Though heavy laden, yet move light my step,
Than if with empty bag, I took my way.
And you, my trusty dogs, well have you worked,
Nor shall you fail of the well earn'd reward,
The plenteous mess, the wholesome bed of straw
Where quick repose shall close your weary eyes.
There lies my way; betwixt those hills that rise
On either side, and form a hollow pass,
And pointing to the western sky, reflect
The sun's departed rays. Yet once again
I turn, and in the changing east remark
The ev'ning shades; their filmy vapours
Cross the blue expanse. Whilst in the west
Deep azure yet surmounts the saffron robe
That clothes the smiling heav'ns. How sweet to mark
As down the heath I wind, the distant scene
Unfolding by degrees; at first appear
The blue topp'd hills with floating vapours crown'd;
Drawn from the vale beneath, the spiral wreath
Of smoke ascending through the tranquil air,
Its source unseen, 'till the close crowding trees
Denote the shelter'd farm that lies below.
How fast each well known object now recurs!
The grassy slope, the winding shrubby lane,
The clatt'ring mill, and now at large display'd,
The village rises to my gladden'd eye.
Here let me pause upon this ancient stile,
O'ergrown with moss, and nature's charms survey,
Clad in her ev'ning robe; and let my ear
Catch the sweet rural sounds that float around.
From yon tall elm that decks the meadow's hedge,
Perch'd on its topmost bough the tuneful thrush
Pours forth his mellow lay; across the lane
The milkmaid carols blithe her ballad strain;
Whilst many a mingled sound of flocks and herds
And village swains remote invades the ear.
'But hark! what melody is this that bursts
Upon my ravish'd sense! the rustic youths,
Their daily labour done, in yon grey tower
Ring round the tuneful peal. I love the strain,
Whether its merry morning notes proclaim
The plighted vows of some unpolish'd pair,
Or chiming slow, as now, with frequent pause,
Chaunt a sweet requiem to the dying day.
The peal has ceased. The rustic youths repair
With hasty foot each to his simple home.
Come dumb companions, let us homeward tend,
Through the fast-gathering shades, that early rest

With renovated strength may fill our frames;
And when to-morrow dawns we shall renew
With light and jocund hearts our cheerful sport.'

We have not selected for quotation any passages merely descriptive of the sport, not because we do not suppose them to be very good, but because (as we said before) we are no sportsmen, and like the general descriptions of natural scenery much better. We have, however, no churlish inclination (were it in our power) to restrain this gentleman from the practice of his favourite amusement—the utmost we shall or can do on the occasion, is to express our hopes that he will now and then lay his gun aside and turn his thoughts to 'pen, ink, and paper.'

ART. V.—*Chronicle of the Cid, continued from p.* 18.

WE left the Cid on his departure from the realm of Castile, and in the succeeding books we accompany him and the brave companions of his banishment into the territories of the Moors, where they signalize their valour by acts of the most exalted daring. Robin Hood and little John, so famous in our own traditional stories, are mere vulgar outlaws in comparison with Ruy Diaz the Campeador, and Alvar Fañez Minaya, Pero Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, Alvar Salvadores, and the rest of this illustrious band of adventurers. Their first grand exploit is the taking of Alcocer, a castle on the confines of Valencia, which brings against them the whole power of Galve, the Moorish king; and a battle ensues, of which we are presented with a description, so lively and animated, that we can hardly refrain from laying it before our readers. But it is necessary to recollect that it is our province to give only a general idea of the work and point out its principal merits and defects. To select for quotation all that we have admired in the perusal would be to reprint very nearly the whole volume, and we must content ourselves with referring to the battle of Coimbra, (see our former number) for a specimen of the spirit with which our chroniclers have related that of Alcocer.

The remainder of the history of the Cid's banishment is somewhat confused. A certain count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer, (Ramond Berenger) is introduced, joining forces with the Moorish king Abenalfange to wrest from our fortunate plunderer the rich spoil won by the prowess of his arm. They meet with the same fate that is reserved for all the ene-

mies of the Cid, being utterly discomfited by him and his 'little band of brothers.' But it is extraordinary that in a subsequent part of the Chronicle, the same expedition and defeat (or at least so nearly similar that Mr. Southey himself suspects it to be the same) is told over again with very inconsiderable variations in the circumstances. Perhaps it would have given the history a more connected and credible form if Mr. Southey had only selected that relation which appeared to him founded on the greatest degree of probability, and omitted the mention of the other except in a note. The reason of count Ramon's conduct is also very imperfectly given, and an historian of the Barcelonese dynasty has concluded (perhaps a little too hastily) that the whole story is mere romance. However this may be, it is a very characteristic narrative, especially that part of it which represents the Cid's conduct towards the count when he had made him prisoner, after the battle.

'Thus was Count Ramon Berenguer made prisoner, and my Cid won from him that day the good sword Coloda, which was worth more than a thousand marks of silver. That night did my Cid and his men make merry, rejoicing over their gains. And the Count was taken to my Cid's tent, and a good supper was set before him, nevertheless he would not eat, though my Cid besought him so to do. And on the morrow my Cid ordered a feast to be made, that he might do pleasure to the Count, but the Count said, that for all Spain he would not eat one mouthful, but would rather die, since he had been beaten in battle by such a set of ragged fellows. And Ruy Diaz said to him, eat and drink, Count, of this bread and of this wine, for this is the chance of war; if you do as I say, you shall be free; and if not you will never return again into your own lands. And Don Ramon answered, eat you, Don Rodrigo, for your fortune is fair and you deserve it; take you your pleasure, but leave me to die. And in this mood he continued for three days, refusing all food. But then my Cid said to him, take food, Count, and be sure that I will set you free, you and any two of your knights, and give you wherewith to return into your own country. And when Don Ramon heard this, he took comfort and said, if you will indeed do this thing I shall marvel at you as long as I live. Eat then, said Ruy Diaz, and I will do it: but mark you, of the spoil which we have taken from you, I will give you nothing; for to that you have no claim, neither by right nor custom, and besides we want it for ourselves, being banished men, who must live by taking from you and from others as long as it shall please God. Then was the Count full joyful, being well pleased that what should be given him was not of the spoils which he had lost, and he called for water, and washed his hands, and chose two of his kinsmen to be set free with him; the one was named Don Hugo, and the other Guillen

Bunalto. And my Cid sate at the table with them, and said, If you do not eat well, Count, you and I shall not part yet. Never since he was Count, did he eat with better will than that day! And when they had done he said, now Cid, if it be your pleasure let us depart. And my Cid clothed him and his kinsmen well with goodly skins and mantles, and gave them each a goodly palfrey with rich caparisons, and he rode out with them on their way. And when he took leave of the Count he said to him, now go freely, and I thank you for what you have left behind; if you wish to play for it again let me know, and you shall either have something back in its stead, or leave what you bring to be added to it. The Count answered, Cid, you jest safely now, for I have paid you and all your company for this twelvemonths, and shall not be coming to see you again so soon. Then Count Ramon pricked on more than apace, and many times looked behind him, fearing that my Cid would repent what he had done, and send to take him back to prison, which the perfect one would not have done for the whole world, for never did he do disloyal a thing.'

Soon after this, certain events take place in the kingdom of Castile, which prove to Alphonso the folly of his conduct in disobliging the Cid, and make him very anxious for his return. The loyal knight obeys the first intimation of his king's desire, making only these generous and patriotic stipulations preparatory to resuming his station in the court.

'And the king bade him make his demand: and my Cid demanded, that when any hidalgo should be banished, in time to come, he should have thirty days, which were his right, allowed him, and not nine only, as had been his case; and that neither hidalgo nor citizen should be proceeded against till they had been fairly and lawfully heard; also, that the king should not go against the privileges and charters and good customs of any town or other place, nor impose taxes upon them against their right; and if he did, that it should be lawful for the land to rise against him till he had amended the misdeed.' P. 128.

That portion of the history which succeeds the recall of the Cid is somewhat uninteresting. It relates to the capture of Toledo by king Alfonso (whose vow to Alimaymon had expired by the deaths of that prince and his son, and the accession of his grandson Yahia) and to the revolutions of the Moorish kingdom of Valencia.

The Cid is banished again by the capricious jealousy of his master, and resorting to his old mode of life, seeks to avail himself of the dissentions in that part of Spain. At last he collects a sufficient number of adventurous retainers to invest the capital city of Valencia, which he at length reduces to a blockade. The picture of the miseries endured

by the starving inhabitants is in some respects very forcibly coloured, but the most *curious* part of the detail is the poem of lamentations composed by a noble Moor residing in the city, which Mr. S. pronounces with some confidence to be strictly genuine.

'Then was there a Moor in the city who was a learned man and a wise, and he went upon the highest tower, and made a lamentation, and the words with which he lamented he put in writing, and it was rendered afterwards from the Arabic into the Castillian tongue, and the lamentation which he made was this.

'Valencia! Valencia! trouble is come upon thee, and thou art in the hour of death; and if peradventure thou should'st escape, it will be a wonder to all that shall behold thee.

'But if ever God has shown mercy to any place let him be pleased to show mercy unto thee; for thy name was joy and all Moors delighted in thee and took their pleasure in thee.

'And if it should please God utterly to destroy thee now, it will be for thy great sins, and for the great presumption which thou had'st in thy pride. The four corner stones whereon thou art founded, would meet together and lament for thee if they could!

'Thy strong wall which is founded upon these four stones trembles, and is about to fall, and hath lost all its strength.

'Thy lofty and fair towers which were seen from far, and rejoiced the hearts of the people, little by little they are falling.

'Thy white battlements which glittered afar off, have lost their truth, with which they shone like the sun-beams.

'Thy noble river Guadalaver, with all the other waters with which thou hast been served so well, have left their channel, and now they run where they should not.

'Thy water-courses, which were so clear and of such great profit to so many, for lack of cleansing are choked with mud.

'Thy pleasant gardens which were round about thee, the ravenous wolf hath gnawn at the roots, and the trees can yield thee no fruit.

'Thy goodly fields with so many and such fair flowers, wherein thy people were wont to take their pastime, are all dried up.

'Thy noble harbour, which was so great honour to thee, is deprived of all the nobleness which was wont to come into it for thy sake.

'The fire hath laid waste the lands of which thou wer't called mistress, and the great smoke thereof reacheth thee.

'There is no medicine for thy sore infirmity, and the physicians despair of healing thee.

'Valencia! Valencia! from a broken heart have I uttered all these things which I have said of thee.

'And this grief would I keep unto myself that none should know it, if it were not needful that it should be known to all.'

We would willingly quote, besides the story of 'how the Cid made Martin Pelaez, of a coward a good knight;' because it redounds most highly to the credit of the Cid's patient and generous disposition, and of his knowledge of human nature. This Martin Pelaez, a man of excellent principles but constitutionally prone to fear, was by the prudent and mild management of the Cid, effectually cured of his only fault, and became afterwards one of the most active, as well as most zealous, companions of his exploits.

In the Cid's conduct after the surrender of Valencia, we are presented with the reverse of this delightful picture, in another instance of treachery and regardlessness of promises. Among all the strange inconsistences of human nature one of the most striking is this very peculiarity in the Spanish character, which, in various passages of history, seems to be marked at the same time with a most romantic *sense* of honour, and with the most flagrant breach of it, in the violation of solemn treaties. How often do these instances occur, in the eventful story of the revolution in Holland, and in that of the conquest of South America! The convention which followed the battle of Baylen is, we fear, only a more recent example of the same remarkable contradiction; and, as moralists, we still feel ourselves obliged to condemn the violation of that treaty even at the moment that we join with the most heartfelt enthusiasm in praising the heroic exertions by which it was preceded. How happy should the spirit of patriotism (which, we hope, still lives, though repressed, not extinguished, in the minds of the Spaniards), blaze out afresh in the person of some second Cid, even though the flame were partially obscured by errors and faculties, from which the highest degree of human perfection can never be totally exempt.

The martial bishop of Saint Andero may be supposed to have formed himself on the model of Don Hieronymo, "he of the shaven crown," who came from the regions of the east, and on account of his good qualities was promoted by the Cid to the bishopric of his newly acquired dominion. These qualities are thus enumerated. "He was a full learned man and a wise, and one who was mighty both on horseback and a'foot: and he came enquiring for the Cid, wishing that he might see himself with the Moors in the field, for if he could once have his fill of smiting and slaying them, Christians should never lament him." * * * "God! how joyful was all Christendom that there was a lord bishop in the land of Valencia!"

There follows a most interesting account of the message

sent by the Cid to his wife and daughters to inform them of his good fortune, and of the journey undertaken by them to Valencia and re-union to their husband and father. Having quoted the affecting incidents of their separation, we can hardly allow ourselves to pass over those of the meeting; but it is absolutely necessary for us to put some restraint on our inclinations. On this account we also most unwillingly hasten over the interesting particulars recorded of an invasion by the Moors, and, among the rest, the animated description of the fears entertained by Donna Ximena and her daughters, who witnessed the whole fortune of the day from one of the highest towers in Valencia, the gallant and chivalrous exploits of Alvar Salvadores, performed in sight, and for the honour of the ladies, the no less noble actions of the good bishop of Hieronymo, with many others in the highest degree picturesque or characteristic.

The second return of Ruy Diaz to the court of Castile and his reconciliation with Alfonso, are detailed with no less minuteness, and furnish food for a number of most entertaining and useful observations. In the meeting of the king and his great subject, we recognise the true features of Spanish loyalty, a quality which we are not to despise on account of the servile appearance which it presents to the imagination of an Englishman; because it is only the force of education and habit that makes the difference between us, in which we so vaingloriously pride ourselves; and, be the motives for great and generous exertions what we please, still those exertions are not more or less deservedly the objects of our admiration and applause. It is under this view that, with the most exalted reverence for *true independence of character*, we can hardly express, in terms strong enough for our feelings, our decided reprobation of the sentiments expressed by some of our countrymen that the present cause of Spain is unworthy of the exertions to which it has given birth, or the inference which would naturally arise from them that a French *regeneration* is preferable to the re-establishment of the ancient system. The defects of that system will cure themselves in proportion to the slow, but certain progression of knowledge among mankind. But national independence, once lost, can never be regained. Let Ferdinand, or the pope, or the inquisition, be the nominal cause, still it is for every-thing that is held valuable under the names of country, laws and liberty, that the Spaniards actually contend; and if they are at last compelled to kiss the feet of a conqueror, the abolition of feudal rights or of royal imposts, the diminution of the church revenues, or the annihilation of that

formidable bug-bear, inquisition, will only gild, and gild very superficially, the strong and indissoluble chain with which he binds them. The first and greatest of national evils is foreign subjugation. Avert that most dreadful plague and trust to the revolutions of time, the progressive nature of the human understanding, and the ultimate preponderance of good and honest feeling, for the improvement of the independence which is preserved to you!

We are now arrived at the most romantic part of this romantic history, the marriage of the Cid's daughters with the Infants of Carrion. These ungentlemanly gentlemen were connected in blood with the royal house of Castile, and were possessors of lands which we know better at present as the scene of a skirmish between our English cavalry and Marshall Soult's advanced guard.

These cowardly scoundrels, seeing the high regard in which the Cid was held at court after his return, seem to have conceived that they could not pay their own court to the king more successfully than by entreating his interest with the favourite hero for an alliance with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. It does not appear that the Cid contemplated their proposal with very high satisfaction, or looked on his daughters' suitors with eyes of affection; but to his loyal soul the least intimation of his sovereign's desire is a law: accordingly the writings are soon settled, the marriages completed; and the whole family, having staid with the king as long as decency and duty seemed to demand, accompany the champion of Bivar back to his lordship of Valencia.

After their arrival at this place, various circumstances happen which tend too amply to justify the Cid's unwillingness towards the proposed alliance, but for the detail of which it is necessary that we should refer our readers to chapters 2 and 4 of the 8th book, viz. "Of the cowardice shewn by the infantes of Carrion when the lion broke loose;" and "how the infantes were afraid when they beheld the great power of the Moors."

On these unhappy occasions, the cool and noble forbearance exemplified by the Cid on a former occasion towards Martin Pelaez, did not forsake him: every opportunity of redeeming their character and of saving the fragments of their reputation was amply afforded the dastards; but they (as is the vice of weak minds) counting every indulgence which they did not expect for a debt which they could not pay, chose rather to attribute their own disgraces to a combination of circumstances designed for their mortification, and seek to hide from themselves the sense of their own

baseness in a most base determination to revenge themselves upon their benefactor for fantastic injuries.

In execution of this most infamous plan, they ask the Cid's permission to depart, and take with them their brides for the purpose of shewing them the inheritance designed for their children in the land of Carrion. The Cid, pursuing his open and generous plan of conduct, betrays no mark of unwillingness, and dismisses them with an handsome retinue and his good swords Colada and Tisona (one won from Ramon Berenguer, the other from a Moorish king, both in personal conflict) as pledges of his confidence and affection. Passing through the wilderness of Corpes, the two villains contrive to disengage themselves from their suite, and decoying their wives into the most unfrequented recesses of a forest, strip them naked, beat them with their horse-furniture and spurs till the blood streams abundantly from their tender bodies, and then leave them without any signs of life. Felez Munios, one of the retinue and a relation of the Cid's, suspecting foul play, lingers behind and discovers the wretched ladies in their so hard plight. His timely attentions restore them to life, and bring them at last safe back to Valencia. It may be easily supposed how the Cid was transported with rage at so foul an indignity. He represents the case to king Alfonso who, for once, determines to act with justice, and assembles the Cortes to try the fact alleged against the unknightly Infants. The traitors, being summoned, make their appearance, supported by their rogue of an uncle, Suero Gonzales, and with unparalleled impudence confront their accuser.

The ceremonies and proceedings of this august assembly are detailed in the Chronicle itself with a most entertaining minuteness. Among other circumstances we must notice the extraordinary fondness of the Cid for his beard, which was the longest and most remarkable in Christendom, and was always kept delicately combed and tied up with ribbands to the grievous annoyance and dismay of the unbelieving Moors; and next to that, his partiality to a certain ivory chair, which had been sent him as a present by some great eastern monarch, and which king Alfonso, in honour to him, caused to be brought from Valencia and set by the side of the royal throne in the great hall of audience. The events which follow are most entertaining, as related in the text; but we prefer, for the sake of variety, to give some specimens of them from the appendix, containing metrical translations from the *Poema del Cid*. Mr. Southey confesses his obligations to a friend for these fragments, and we entirely coin-

cide with him in opinion that they are executed with uncommon spirit, and in a very characteristic style.

The assembly being met, "the Cid is called upon to state his grievances." He first claims the swords Colada and Tisona; which are restored without hesitation. He then demands restitution of all gifts made to his sons in law on their departure; and they, rejoiced at so easy a condition of peace, deliver them up. "The Cid then rises a third time."

'Justice and mercy, my lord the king, I beseech you of your grace!
I have a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface:
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case
Listen to what these counts have done and pity my disgrace.
Dishonour'd as I am, I cannot be so base
But here before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say Infants, how had I deserv'd, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast.
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honours, and treasure at command;
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honour and respect:
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips, why did you leave them bare,
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done
I say your name and honour henceforth is lost and gone.'
The count Don Garcia was the first to rise,
'We crave your favour, my lord the king, you're always just and wise;
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the counts of Carrion is of too high a line
To take a daughter from his house, though it were for a concubine.
A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat,'
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat,
He took his beard in his hand, 'If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven;
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven:
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn,
What business, count, have you to speak of it with scorn?

It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born;
As yours was once, sir Count, the day Cabra was taken;
When I was master of Cabra that beard of yours was shaken,
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitch'd away a bit,
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet.'

This very curious altercation continues through some pages, and terminates in a challenge, made by three champions on the part of the Cid against the two infants and their uncle. The king confirms the challenge; and the Cid, confiding in the justice of his cause, then takes his leave and returns to Valencia. The time and place of combat being appointed by the king, the preparations made, and solemn entrance of the combatants are next described.

'Three weeks had been appointed, and now they are past away,
The champions of the Cid are ready at the day:
They are ready in the field to defend their master's right,
The noble king is with them to protect them with his might,
They waited in the place for two days and a night,
Behold the lords of Carrion where they appear in sight;
They are coming with an host of their kindred and their clan,
With horses and with arms, and many a valiant man;
If they could meet with them apart, or take them unaware,
In dishonour of the Cid to have slain his champions there.
The thought was foul and evil, but yet they did not dare,
For fear of the king Alfonso that had them in his care,
That night they watch'd their arms and past the hours in prayer.
The night is past and over, the day begins to break.
Great was the throng of folk who for that battle's sake,
Flock'd in on every side, assembled for the fight,
And many a man of arms and many a wealthy knight.
There is the king Alfonso with all his power and might
To keep down force and wrong, and to defend the right.
The champions of the Cid are all of good accord,
They are arming themselves together like vassals of one lord.
The Infants of Carrion are arming themselves apart,
Count Garcia sits advising them, and keeps them in good heart.
They bring a plea before the king and they pretend a right,
That those two trenchant swords should not be used in fight,
The swords Colada and Tison, which the Cid's champions wore;
They repent of their imprudence when they gave them up before,
They were earnest in their plea, but they could not succeed,
You might have kept them for yourselves to serve you in your need,
If you have other good ones make use of them instead.
Infants of Carrion! Hear me and take heed:
You must approve your honour by some manly deed,

Go forth into the field, and shew a valiant heart,
For nothing will be wanting upon the champions' part.
If you are conquerors in the fight, you will purchase great renown,
If you are beaten and disgrac'd, the fault will be your own.
For this business was your seeking, as has been seen and shown.
The Infants of Carrion are beginning to repent;
The lordship of Carrion with its honours and its rent,
Its mansions and its lands, they would have given all
Could they command the past to redeem it and recall.
'The champions of the Cid, clad in their warlike weed,
The king is gone to see them, and wish them well to speed.
'Sir, we kiss your hands as our good lord and sire,
To have you judge and umpire is all that we require.
Defend us in all right, assist us not in wrong;
The friends of the lords of Carrion are numerous and strong.
We cannot guess their councils, nor how they will behave.
To the good Cid our master the promise that you gave,
To defend us and protect us, this, sir, is all we crave,
So long as right and justice are found upon our part:'
'That will I,' said the king, 'with all my soul and heart.'
Their horses are brought to them, coursers strong and fleet,
They sign their saddles with the cross, and leap into the seat;
Their shields are hanging at their necks with bosses broad and sheen,
They take their lances in their hands, the points are bright and keen,
A pennon at each lance, the staves were large and stout,
And many a valiant man encompass'd them about.
They rode forth to the field where the barriers were set out,
The champions of the Cid are agreed upon their plan,
To fight as they had challeng'd, and each to charge his man,
There came the lords of Carrion with their kindred and their clan;
The king has appointed heralds for avoiding all debate,
He spoke aloud amongst them in the field where they sate.
'Infants of Carrion! attend to what I say:
You should have fought this battle upon a former day,
When we were at Toledo, but you would not agree;
And now the noble Cid has sent these champions three,
To fight in the lands of Carrion, escorted here by me.
Be valiant in your right, attempt no force nor wrong,
If any man attempt it, he shall not triumph long,
He never shall have rest or peace within my kingdom more.'
The Infants of Carrion are now repenting sore;
The heralds and the king are foremost in the place,
They clear away the people from the middle space:
They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix:
They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:
'If you are forced beyond the line where they are fix'd and traced,

You shall be held as conquered, and beaten and disgraced.'
Six lances length on either side an open space is laid,
They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.
Their office is perform'd, and from the middle space,
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion,
Opposite on the other side, the lords of Carrion;
Earnestly their minds are fixt, each upon his foe;
Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow.
They stir their horses with the spur, then lay their lances low,
They bend their shield before their breasts, their face to the saddle bow,
Earnestly their minds are fixt, each upon his foe.
The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below,
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show.'

We cannot follow our entertaining poet any further into the heat of the combat. Suffice it to say, it terminates at each encounter to the glory of the Cid and his champions, and the severe and just punishment of the dastardly Infants and their uncle. In p. 311 we find a note, discussing the arguments for and against the truth of this singular story. Mr. Southey maintains the affirmative side of the question; but his principal argument being, 'the improbability that so improbable a tale should ever have been invented,' we, knowing the strange vagaries of human fancy, must beg leave totally to dissent from the conclusion which he draws. The same argument, according to Mr. Southey's mode of reasoning, would prove incontestibly the 'magic wonders' of his own Thalaba, and the wanderings of his Cambrian prince.

The remainder of the Cid's life does not present us with many events of considerable interest. In his declining years he has the satisfaction of beholding his injured daughters happy in husbands more deserving of them than the Carrion scoundrels, and of a rank not less exalted than that of heirs to the crowns of Navarre and Arragon. At last the good old man dies quietly in his palace of Valencia, full of years and honour, and in the odour of sanctity, his beard never having been plucked by hand profane. But we must not omit to mention some of the surprising adventures which befel him after death. A few days subsequent to that event, king Bucar (his antient and most powerful enemy) invaded the kingdom of Valencia with the most formidable host that he had ever yet encountered. The Cid, having been forewarned of this peril by an apparition of St. Peter, had left instructions in his last will in what manner his surviving friends were to face it; and according to these instructions,

'On the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a *gambax* of fine sandal next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out and fitted, that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the poll, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move.'

Thus accoutred, (according to a costume which we cannot but suspect was designedly imitated by the attendants of a certain famous governor of Barataria, who (some centuries after) dressed up their living master to meet a similar emergency) the dead Cid was fastened firmly to his horse Babieca, and, with his sword Tisona in his hand, and the bishop Hieronymo and trusty Gil Diaz at his side, was placed in the front of the army to encourage his own men and intimidate the enemy. The event fully answered the invention. Heaven did not fail to send suitable allies for the relief of the illustrious corse; full 70,000 knights, as white as snow, with flaming swords, being seen by the Moors to come against them on the part of the Christians. Of six and thirty kings who came with king Bucar, twenty and two were slain, besides a certain negress queen whose skill in archery had been firmly relied upon by the pagan invaders. All who did not perish on the field were driven into the sea, except a few who contrived to mount (according to Buonaparte's phrase) 'their wooden horses' and course back over the Mediterranean to the Barbary coast.

It seems, notwithstanding this glorious victory, that the surviving companions of the Cid could not make up their minds to trust to a repetition of the same extraordinary favours from above; since, very shortly after, they deemed it expedient to abandon Valencia (of which the great bulwark was now no more) and accordingly, mounting the Cid again upon his horse Babieca as before, commenced their journey in grand cavalcade towards Burgos. Here, at last, the wandering corpse was committed to its place of rest, in the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña; only the king (who came to do honour to the occasion) would not allow, even then, of its being laid in a coffin; directing it, for the greater respect, to be fixed in a sitting posture, in the ivory chair which had been so prized by him when alive, and seated at the right side of the high altar. In this position it remained ten years, being so well embalmed that during all that time it exhibited a fresh and comely countenance to the admiring beholder. Then, and not before, the nose began to change colour; and on the

first appearance of this token, care was taken to inter the corpse like those of other christians.

Of its subsequent translations we cannot now enter into the detail, referring our readers for satisfaction on those important points to the book, which is sufficiently explicit in the account of them, as also of the good lives and pious ends of Doña Ximena, the horse Babieca, and the converted Jews Gil Diaz, and Diego Gil, together with the miracle operated by the Cid's beard to redeem the last mentioned character from the deadly errors of the circumcised race. But we must not forget to say that the Cid had not yet fought all his battles. His death took place "on the 29th of May, in the year 1099," (the 73d of his life). On the 16th of July, 1212 was fought the great battle of Navas de Toloso by king Alfonso VIII. of Castile, against the Miramamolin of Africa.

'The night before the battle was fought, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through. And it passed on to the royal monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a priest who was keeping vigils in the church, and told him, that the captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruy Diaz and count Ferran Gonzales, and that they came there to call up king Don Ferrando the great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle was fought, wherein 60,000 of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors*.' P. 352.

The interest excited by the principal part of this work has led us to so great a length in our preceding observations, as to leave us no room for saying any-thing about the notes which are added to it, but that they contain a great deal of very curious matter, the result of Mr. Southey's extensive acquaintance with the old romances and legendary histories of the Spanish nation.

Concerning the introduction prefixed by Mr. Southey to his chronicle, it may perhaps be expected of us to treat rather more particularly: but, to confess the truth, we have felt ourselves disappointed in the perusal of it. It appears to us to be filled with many trite, and some ill-founded, observations, put together without much thought or study, and

* This Monkish fable, in which there is something very awful and striking to the imagination, has been handled, not unsuccessfully, by the author of "The seven champions of Christendom," where St. George rises out of his grave to fight the battle of his sons, and discomfits an innumerable host of Pagans by whom they were almost overwhelmed. Rev.

tending very little, if at all, to illustrate the real character of the times or of the people. It embraces a much wider sphere of historical retrospect than the subject seems to demand, and in our opinion, by aiming at much more than is at all necessary, accomplishes nothing.

ART. VI.—*Cottle's Fall of Cambria, concluded from p. 96.*

ELEANOR de Montford, the betrothed of the gallant Llewellyn, is picked up by an English cruiser on her way to the court of Snowdon, and brought to Gloster castle under the escort of the gallant earl of Warwick, who, being obliged to attend the king at Chester, leaves her to the care of one Talbot (by what historical or heraldic right we are utterly at a loss to conceive, constantly designated as the recreant earl of Gloster,*) and, in so doing, ignorantly exposes her to the solicitations of an infamous debauchee. Talbot is such a man as never existed any where but in extravagant and unnatural romances; a compound of every vice under Heaven with the reputation of virtue; a beaten coward with the fame of the most exalted bravery. Eleanor manfully resists the temptations and assaults of this incarnate Belial till the return of her champion Warwick, who, discovering the injury offered her, challenges the plausible villain, and overcomes and disgraces him in fair combat. The whole of this episode tends to no end whatever; since Talbot contrives notwithstanding to retain his credit with king Edward; and therefore its only purpose seems to be the opportunity it affords the poet of describing a solemn duel according to the laws of chivalry.

Earl Warwick, having foiled the infamous ravisher, can think of no better device to save the honour of his fair charge from further insults, than by inviting her to accompany him in his projected conquest of Dinevawr.† The unlucky

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* The earldom of Gloster was, from the time of Henry the II. to that of Edward III. uninterruptedly in the possession of the family of Clare. Valence was himself earl of Pembroke, and there was no other baron of that name. Hubert de Burg died at least 30 years before Edward the I.'s accession. The father of Eleanor de Montford was earl of Leicester, not of Lancaster, and he was killed at the battle of Evesham, not of Worcester. In such a poem as this, where every other species of merit is out of the question, we may be allowed to notice such repeated instances of delinquency against the easy rules of historical precision.

† A new name, we believe, for South Wales. It used to be called *Dehewbarth;*

Llewellyn, meanwhile, hears of the danger of his betrothed, and of her confinement in Gloster castle. His love gets the better of his generalship; and, casting Folard and Dundas aside, he decamps by night from the strong hold in which he had entrenched himself, to wait the coming of the English powers, and having traversed the whole extent of his principality with the utmost dispatch and secresy, appears on a sudden with a small but daring force before the walls of Gloster. Here, however, his valour stands him in little stead. Gloster is taken, not by Cambrian courage, but by the treachery of a certain knight of the garrison, whose speeches throughout the poem Mr. Cottle always thinks proper to introduce by such phrases as 'the waggish knight,' 'the merry jester,' &c. epithets which, we conceive, are designed, like marginal notices in a German play, to instruct the reader in what places he ought to exert the risible muscles of his face, and without which he would be entirely at a loss whether to laugh or look solemn.

To be brief, however, Gloster is taken, and Llewellyn has the satisfaction of finding his bird flown, and the pleasure of trudging back again to Snowdon just as wise as he came. The brave Talbot hides himself in a ditch and runs away as hard as he can drive to Chester, where he bullies our English Justinian into a most easy belief of his gallant and glorious defence, and receives a high command in the army that he may revenge on the Dee or Conway the injury he had just sustained on the Severn. The remainder of the poem (consisting of full fifteen books, good epic measure) contains the various operations of the campaign, marches and countermarches, battles, sieges, wounds, death, and long speeches, with as little diversity of interests either poetical or historical as can well be imagined possible in so ample a compass. The ill-weaved ambition, the desertion, repentance, and honourable death of prince David, Llewellyn's younger brother, amount, nearer than any other incidents, to an exception from this general character of the work. The re-union of Eleanor to her Llewellyn, the last actions and death of that hero, and the consequent despair and melancholy fate of his long-lost and late-found bride, would of course be expected to exhibit every variey of passion or interest, and the author is entitled to very high praise for his ingenuity in so carefully and successfully avoiding what every body would have thought it impossible to miss. Nor is less credit due to him for the perfect coolness which (with Gray's ode immediately before

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and Dinevawr or Dyncvor we apprehended to have been only the castle (near Caermar then), in which the princes of Dehewbarth held their customary residence.

him) he has contrived to display in the episode of the massacre of the bards. We must not, however, omit to state that the guilt of this atrocious action is, by poetical licence, removed from the shoulders of Edward and thrown on those of two recreant generals, Venables and Talbot, who, we are happy to say, meet at length with the retribution due to their crimes.

We have already stated what, in our opinion, is the radical and systematic defect of Mr. Cottle's fable; the confusion of vice and virtue, the palliation of tyranny, the equalization of generous patriotism and unprincipled aggression. This glaring vice is no where so conspicuous as in the winding-up of the poem; Llyrarch, the venerable and enthusiastic bard, the friend of Llewellyn (his benefactor and his lawful sovereign,) the sole sole survivor of his brethren slaughtered in Mona, the wise, the virtuous, the unambitious, the patriotic Llyrarch, accepts a place at the court of the conqueror, and condescends to tune his harp for the entertainment of his banqueting nobles. Unlike the captive Israelites,

> Whose holy strain
> Was too pure for Heathen land,

the good Llyrarch is vastly civil and condescending; a true citizen of the world, with a just preference of the flesh-pots of Egypt over the spring-water and manna of the desert. The poem concludes with a long lyric effusion of this prince of rational poets, in which he contrives to lavish on his 'grand pacificator' as much of the oil of adulation as the meanest deputy of the 'conservative senate' ever poured out on the head of the august Napoleon. We are far from attributing any unworthy motive to Mr. Cottle; but should his 'Fall of Cambria' ever find its way into France, (an event, which, nevertheless, we deem rather improbable) we think this 'union-song' of Llyrarch would look too much like a hint of his readiness to accept the office of poet-laureat to the imperial court whenever the 'great Western Family' shall happily become united by the subjugation of these obstinate and rebellious islands.

We have said nothing respecting the versification of this poem, intending to conclude our account of it with a few extracts which we mean to select in the most impartial manner, to enable our readers to judge of its merits for themselves.

For this purpose, we first select the interview between

Llewellyn and Llyrarch the bard in the eighth book. The prince of Wales is in the middle of his unlucky expedition to Gloster castle; and we should in fairness state that the scene is preceded by a long train of moral reflection, which must be supposed to have made already some impression of solemnity on the mind of the reader.

'Now to a craggy vale
Slow they descend. It seem'd the lonely spot
Where Nature after overwhelming toil,
Retired to rest, and there, in secrecy,
Stretch'd her fair limbs, unrobed—so bleak, so wild,
Both far and near were seen, wood and wild rock,
Save where a stream appear'd as some huge snake,
Winding its course, thro' trees and towering crags:
Now lost, then manifest, and urging on,
Like earnest traveller, his unknown way.
Upon this waste of ages, sand and stone,
And pebbles numberless (so long unmoved
That the thin blade, in its green infancy
Peep'd here and there, enjoying its brief hour,
Till the next torrent from the mountains came.)
E'en here Llewellyn pitch'd his evening tent.
'In the faint distance, lo! a form appears,
Now slow, beside the water course he comes!
His long white beard, his garb of frosty hue,
The patient firmness of his tread, unmoved
By warrior and bright lance, all speak a man
High in the orders of intelligence.—
A bard! his harp he bears. Reverenc'd of all,
The ranks retire as he, slow passes by,
And onward to the prince he walks. *No voice*
Welcomes, whose presence gladdens every heart.
Llewellyn's tent he finds. He enters in.
Cambria's high lord bends at the revered form,
Thus he address'd him, &c.

* * * * * *

The bard replied—"Prince, father of thy realm
My name is Llyrarch. Thou dost deign to ask
(In this contemplative and soothing hour)
My state and habitudes; know, 'mid these hills,
And by the side of the loud water-fall,
Roaming along, alone, I love to stray,
To muse in silence, to survey the cloud
Sailing thro' air, portentous, lowering, dark,
Then hear the winds, then mark the furious storm
Fiercely assault some towering pinnacle,
Buried in mists and clouds; anon survey
The rushing torrent, bearing in its course

Deep-rooted trees and rocks precipitous,
Weltering along the channel of the flood.
I love to lift my head amid the storm,
And on some brow a ghostly spectacle,
Mark the blue lightnings bursting *'neath my feet*,
With oft repeated flash, then *'mid* the gloom;
Succeeding, and that veils all forms in night,
Hear the loud thunder, from th' aspiring hills
Reverberate, stilling the mountain winds,
And bearing far the wrath of Deity.
These scenes, the rougher movements of the soul,
Now, in some mood, calm, thoughtful and alone,
I love, upon a still and star-light eve,
To wander forth, to mark the hosts of Heaven;
To view the tranquil Moon, sailing on high,
Sole empress, thro' the spangled canopy;—
To mark surrounding forms, sleeping serene
In the mild beam, high hill and mountain bare
Tipp'd with faint light, and rock, and drowsy stream
Murmuring along, with here and there some wave
Unseen, tho' nigh, sounding with sudden dash
Harmonious gliding o'er its rocky bed;
Whilst oft (by *th' list'ner* heard) in louder note
Th' up-leaping fish urged from his limpid haunt,
By passing night-fly, or the feathery moth,
Moves the dull air; no other sound to break
The awful stillness, save Night's tuneful bird,
Or, faintly, at long intervals, the wolf,
Shaggy and gaunt and with a ravenous howl
Scaring the forests: then the plaintive harp,
Gently I sweep; its solemn sounds augment
Night's calming influence, and, a sanctity
O'er all things cast, mountain and wood and stream.
No pamper'd appetites, I seek alone
Nature's plain fare; my drink the crystal stream;
My food, divided with the birds of Heaven.
A world of toil and turmoil, once I knew,
Corroding and ungenial; better form'd
For silent meditation, and the walk
Of meek-eyed peace and mild humanity.
The shade I loved, to touch the chord unseen,
To gather up the fleeting forms of mind,
Which haunted me, new visaged visitants,
Both 'mid the day, and at the hour of night,—
When thro' all worlds imagination roam'd,
And shaped ideal things and called them true.
And, bathed in holy phantasies, to wake
New strains, with harp and voice, and till thy soil,
O poesy! was my peculiar joy.

Where at the last, haply some humble flowers,
I hoped might rise, (courting no idle gaze,
E'en for no alien pleasure, for itself)
The daisy, or the valley's spotless pride,
And one perchance, with bloom of amaranth.
No more involved in tempest, I survey
The wild careering of the multitude
Unmoved, save with concern and pity true,
Which ever thrives for all my fellow kind,
Yet, their pursuits, soul withering, I behold
Far off, like one who hath small sympathies
With common things. Honors and cankering gold,
The smiles or frowns of the world's mighty men,
I heed them not. My harp is my delight,
God my support, and Nature a rich feast
On which I banquet, and find nourishment.
Prince! go thy way! Heaven prosper thy designs!
Make this thine arm strong to subdue thy foes,
And give our land peace and prosperity.
Now for my wanderings wild. All joy be thine!'

Our next extract shall be from the beginning of the 25th, and last book, which will in some sort seem as evidence to the truth of our parallel between the hero Edward and the canting Napoleon, as well as justify our censure of Mr. Cottle for throwing away the best opportunities and sacrificing real pathos to the pernicious affectation of simplicity.

'They reach the spot, where stretch'd upon the earth
Llewellyn lay. His sword was by his side.'
One hand still grasp'd it, whilst the other lay
O'er the broad buckler, that half propp'd his head:
And still the blood slow trickled from his wound.
Edward with awe looked on. He turn'd aside.
The tear would fall! the anger of his heart
Vanish'd, and only pity sojourn'd there.
'He was a gallant man,' Edward exclaimed;
'Had we been friends, *I could have lov'd him.*
His heart was noble, and his arm, for might,
None have surpass'd. *Brav'ry hath many claims!*
Living thou wast *my* enemy, but, dead,
Yea, I will call thee friend, &c. &c.

'*O chieftains! I henceforth will study peace!* &c. &c.

At last, after much more of the same pitiful stuff,

'To Dolbadarn, and to the captive hosts,
Edward now hastens, Warwick by his side,
With noble earls, and gallant knights and squires.

The gates they enter. All their joy, display,
Save the sad captives who, in avenues,
Like yew trees stand, (the guardians of the dead,
Dark cheerless, while creation smiles around.)
'Mid loud acclaim, and with heart speaking smiles
Edward, triumphant hails, friend after friend,
Escaped the fight, dearer for perils past.
Turning (aside) to Warwick's earl he spake:
Where dwells that damsel, Warwick, of whose fame,
Oft I have heard? earl Warwick sigh'd and said
Alas! poor Eleanor! anguish supreme
Hangs heavy on her heart. Her lord is dead!
The rose is faded, and the drooping maid
Now asks for solitude." Edward replied,
"Where is she? one whose heart Llewellyn prized,
I must respect." Earl Warwick bow'd and spake,
"I will conduct thee to the sorrowing maid."
'The windings of the castle now are pass'd.
The door unfolds, earl Warwick entering cries,
"O Eleanor! Edward our king is near!"
The maiden, from the couch whereon she lay,
Gently her head upraised, then sank again.
Edward approach'd, and spake. "Maiden revered,
Say! can I prove that thou hast yet a friend?"
No voice is heard—a death-like silence reigns—
Once more thus Edward spake. "My queen is nigh,
To her the sorrowful are ever dear.
She will respect the child of Lancaster.
Forget the past, futurity may smile."
The maiden rose. Earl Warwick hasten'd near
Trembling, he held her hand. With earnest eye,
He gazed at Eleanor. She strove to speak,
Slowly at length she said! "I thank thee, O king!
No aid canst thou afford. My wants are o'er!—
I have a deadly sickness at my heart!
Lead me away!"
'Toward the refreshing breeze
With earnest tenderness, *which gave to looks*
The soul's pure language, Warwick led her forth.
Edward the while paced sorrowful the floor.
Earl Warwick enters. "Ah! thou art more sad!"
The king awaits the tidings which he bears,
His hands out-stretch'd! Trembling, earl Warwick cried,
"My Eleanor is dead! Her heart hath burst—
Her *march* of *tears* is o'er!"

If we were asked for a general character of Mr. Cottle's poetry, we should say that, at the best he resembles very strongly the better style of Wordsworth; but that the com-

parison is to the disparagement of the latter gentleman, who has infinitely more originality and more true poetical feeling Mr. Cottle's vices are also of a kindred stamp—tedious minuteness of description (hardly ever producing the effect of a picture); in sentiment, an utter disproportion between the cause and the impression; an affected simplicity of ideas, a forced inversion of language, a sickly, vapourish, metaphysical sort of sensibility—but here on the other hand Mr. Cottle is injured by the comparison! for, as we think his genius is not equal to Wordsworth's, so neither has it tempted him to commit so many and so glaring extravagances. In one quality only, the art of writing sonorous *nonsense*, Mr. Cottle must be universally allowed to excel all his contemporaries.

ART. VII.—*Modern State of Spain, translated from the French of I. F. Bourgoing, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the Court of Madrid, &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. with a 4to. Atlas.* Stockdale.

IT is a peculiarity in the literary history of the present day, that the task of catering for the public in the article of mental recreation, is almost entirely confined to the booksellers. Until the breaking out of the recent disturbances in Spain, therefore, it did not occur to these redoubted champions of learning, that Spain was a country at all worth knowing any thing about, or that Bourgoing was an author worth translating. It is to this influence of the *trade*, in matters of learning, that we may ascribe our almost total ignorance for many years of one of the best topographical works of modern days.

At the commencement of the French revolution, its leaders, like the college of the Jesuits, had their emissaries in every court in Europe. They saw the importance of watching the secret workings in the minds of foreign princes and their ministers, and appointed men to diplomatic situations, who were statesmen and philosophers. With what success they fixed upon M. Bourgoing for their minister at Madrid, his readers will have ample means of ascertaining.

In his introduction he gives a coup d'œil of the merits of his predecessors, who have visited Spain as travellers and authors. Twiss, Swinburne, and Townshend are reproached with innnmerable faults, while Peyron, Chantereau, and a few other French writers, are extolled as models of imita-

tion. So far M. Bourgoing exercises his judgment, and we have no objection to allow him to indulge in a partiality for his own countrymen; but when he goes on to show, by a kind of side wind, the superior advantages possessed by himself, we are inclined to ascribe the whole of the article to the unhallowed pen of the bookseller who purchased his manuscript.

M. Bourgoing first visited Spain in 1777: he was then secretary to the French embassy, sent to Madrid with a view to sound the dispositions of the Spanish court, on the subject of the revolution in America. The picture presented, at his first entrance into Spain, was by no means prepossessing. The vehicles for the conveyance of travellers, resembled the dray of an English brewer, and the cattle harnessed to it, were denominated mules; but from their starved and emaciated appearance, Linnæus himself would have been puzzled in the attempt to give them an appropriate classification. The badness of the roads next exercises the philosophy of M. Bourgoing; but all these evils only serve him as pegs, upon which to suspend some panegyrics upon M. Florida Blanca, the Spanish prime minister, and upon this occasion our author makes his *debut* as a politician.

During twenty years of his administration, this true patriot, Florida Blanca, was occupied, not in extending the colonial acquisitions of his country, by expeditions against unoffending Indians, but in bettering the condition of the population in the mother country. Roads, bridges, and canals, were the improvements by which he hoped to introduce industry and civilization among a people, besotted for many ages by the rankest superstition, and held in subjection and ignorance by an impolitic and tyrannical form of government. Amid all his good qualities, however, M. Bourgoing discovers that Florida Blanca was never sincere in his attachment to French principles, and no sooner does our travelling charge d'affaires make this discovery, than means are taken at the court of Madrid to supplant him in the royal favour. That bad minister of a bad king, the prince of the peace is then called in, and matters are subsequently managed so smoothly, that our author has no further cause of complaint. Those who are in the habit of tracing events to causes, may perhaps discover the seeds of the miseries which have been since entailed upon Spain, in the intrigues so candidly avowed by Bourgoing and his associates.

After a few such episodes, or digressions, M. Bourgoing resumes his route. His character of the Biscayans does them great honour. 'He avows that they had at all times

displayed a repugnance to French principles. The revolutionary sans culottes, of the year 1793, attempted to fraternize the Biscayans at the point of the bayonet: the shores of Biscay resounded with the shouts of *vive la republique;* the Biscayans flew to arms, and drove the invaders from their province. The same spirit of independence which animated them against a foreign enemy, has also frequently broken out in partial revolts against the mandates of the Spanish monarchs, from whom, at intervals, they have wrested important concessions.

The Biscayans regard themselves as the genuine descendants of ancestors who bled in defence of their mountains, and waged a successful war against the enemies of the Christian religion, in the persons of the Moors. They consider themselves as being ennobled above all the other inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula, and they carefully preserve the etiquette of the distinctions which they have thus assumed. They refuse to acknowledge the Spanish monarch by the title of king: 'My lord, and your lordship,' are the only distinctions they observe when addressing his majesty; and their taxes are scrupulously denominated benevolences or free gifts.

Our author concludes his panegyric with a comprehensive assertion that Biscay is the asylum of liberty, independence, industry, and honour! He invites misanthropy to visit Biscay in order to be convinced that patriotism is not an empty name!

We have been thus particular in following M. Bourgoing while pourtraying the Spanish character, because it is somewhat singular that of all the provinces in Spain, Biscay has been the least renowned in the present struggle for every thing connected with national independence and national honour; who could doubt after this description that the French legions would have forced the passage of the Bidassoa, over the lifeless trunks of proud and haughty patriots, instead of being hailed by congratulatory deputations from time-serving alcaldes, and worthless grandees?

The devotion exhibited by a muleteer previous to the mounting the coach-box, next furnishes us with a picture of the state of religion, and perhaps of morals, among the lower orders in Spain. This class, it ought to be remembered, composes the greatest part of those called *patriots*, in the vocabulary of our modern news-writers. The ragged member of the whip club in Spain pulls out a greasy rosary, and throws himself upon his knees, in the mud, at the feet of his mules. After calling upon all the saints in the ca-

lendar by name, to be propitious to his journey, he mounts his seat, and his cattle set off at full speed to the usual music of the whip. Bridles are a luxury it seems not yet introduced into Spain, for when the team attempts to take a shorter route by plunging into a deep river, or precipitating themselves from a rocky eminence, occurrences not at all unusual, the charioteer is obliged to descend from the dicky, and drag his refractory stud into the beaten track. It happens sometimes, however, that all his attempts to controul them are unavailing, and this clumsy vehicle is overturned and dashed to pieces, to the no small injury of the dead and live stock it contains.

On such an emergency an English, or even a French postilion, would naturally assist his passengers in their endeavours to extricate themselves from the fragments of the post-chaise: not so, however, with a Spanish muleteer. His first care is to see that his rosary is safe, and then delibely squatting himself on the ground, he discharges imprecations on the 'canonized bones' of all the defunct patrons of Spain, until he has exhausted the blasphemous and impious maledictions with which the Roman liturgy has furnished him. Poor Saint Barbara is devoted by this modern Phaeton to gratify the lust of his infernal majesty, and our Lady of the Pillar is consigned to the embraces of all the devils in Pandemonium!

After traversing Biscay, our author enters *Alava*, which he describes as a dirty province, although he apostrophises the inhabitants for the virtues connected with hospitality. The plains of Castile then extend themselves before the eyes of the traveller, but they present a monotonous picture of gloomy sterility. Unlike the plains of Marathon, they excite no recollections by which to compensate, in the 'mind's eye,' for their want of physical beauty!

The mass of the inhabitants of Castile exhibit the most finished portraits of human wretchedness, and we arrive at Burgos only to be shocked with the contrast excited by the extremes of riches and poverty. The cathedral and the residences of the monks are described as magnificent beyond description; while the houses of the inhabitants betray the absence of every common comfort. Burgos is finely situated in the midst of fertile vallies, but their vegetation is destined to feed a population of monks, from whom the labourer is contented to receive as an alms that bread which he and his children have earned with the sweat of their brows!

Burgos, in short, exhibits a striking picture of the truth of the Hudibrastic axiom, that

'Jesuits never took in hand,
To plant a church in barren land.'

Valladolid is described as having more claims upon the interest of the traveller than Burgos. It has to boast of an university and a patriotic society. There are also some appearances of industry among the inhabitants, and their staple article of commerce is madder, which is cultivated in great abundance. Valladolid has a cathedral, and, of course, an immense number of monasteries, filled with male and female devotees.

Salamanca has now lost its reputation as an asylum for learning, but in proportion as the votaries of science disappeared, those of the catholic religion usurped their place, and it may now be regarded as 'Salamanca the holy!' It has twenty-five convents, fourteen of which are filled with females. All these receptacles of human weakness vie with each other in the quantity and respectability of their relics. The bones of the eleven thousand virgins shewn at Cologne are a mere handful to the piles exhibited at Salamanca.

At Segovia, the antiquarian will be gratified with the Moorish architecture of the Alcazar and the cathedral. Trajan's aqueduct, which still exists here, and is adapted to its original purpose of supplying the inhabitants with water, will also attract the notice of a learned stranger.

Segovia being famous for wool, naturally leads M. Bourgoing to discuss the policy of the Spaniards with respect to that staple article in their national industry. Of all the obstacles which have obstructed the progress of civilization in Spain, not even excepting the evils in the train of catholicism, none have been more effectual than those produced by the operation of the privileges of the *Mesta*.

This is a kind of junta composed of rich landed proprietors, who have acquired a right, partly by prescription, and partly by statutes, of pasturing their flocks of sheep indiscriminately upon the estates of every person in Spain. If a landed proprietor be not a member of the Mesta so much the worse, his pastures, and perhaps his vineyards, are doomed to be devoured by immense herds of Merinos, which pay him a visit at stated periods of the year; and his own flocks are not allowed a similar indulgence in return. The higher ranks have contrived to exclude the middle classes of proprietors from all share in the privileges of the Mesta, and the hardships thus entailed on them are visited on the lower classes in their turn.

M. Bourgoing appears to great advantage in pointing out

the sources of the misery tof he population in Spain, and his materials have been collected with an industry which we seldom witness in a French writer. He is also peculiarly happy in managing subjects comparatively dry, and passes from topic to topic with a gracefulness which banishes ennui and listlessness from his readers.

From Segovia and the Spanish Merinos he proceeds to St. Ildefonso, one of the most romantic retreats ever embellished by the sunshine of royalty. His description of the gardens and palace is always lively, and sometimes elegant. The vicinity of the royal residences produces some details upon the nobility of Spain, which are comparatively uninteresting. An extensive creation of nobles took place after the accession of the Prince of the Peace, but it is somewhat singular that the new peers were all foreigners. In pursuance of the same line of policy, from that period all the Spanish embassies to foreign courts were filled by foreigners. Are we to ascribe this singularity to measures of policy or rather to a state of degradation into which the Spanish grandees had sunk, to the total exclusion of genius and learning from their order?

The cortes, or parliament of Spain is described as the ruins of a noble bulwark erected by a free people against the subsequent encroachments of their sovereigns. It is now *vox et præterea nihil.* The kings of Spain have been in the habit for two centuries past of levying taxes by ordonances, to which they attach a declaration that they shall have the same effect as if they had been issued by the Cortes! The Spanish parliaments are of course never called together.

The various characters who have occupied the diplomatic *bureaus* of Spain for the last twenty years, next pass in review before us. M. Bourgoing, like a good courtier, praises the whole indiscriminately. Don Pedro Cevallos is accused of owing his rise to his marriage with a female relation of the Prince of Peace.

The palace of the Escurial introduces the subject of the amusements of the court, and here we cannot help remarking, that the same barbarity which is displayed in the bull-fights is conspicuous even in the field sports of the Spaniards. An immense concourse of peasants assemble several days previous to a royal shooting match, for hunting it cannot be called. The occupation of these ragged wretches consisted in driving herds of terrified deer and other animals into an inclosure, where they were pent up for a few days without food until it pleased the King of Spain and the Indies, to take the unmanly diversion of shooting the unfortunate animals by dozens in cold blood.

The convent of the Escurial is described as rich and magnificent beyond comparison, and the monks are said to be an exception to monks in general: for they are polite, affable, and enlightened. They are accused of the crime, however, of being 'scandalously rich,' an imputation, by the bye, which King Joseph Napoleon did all he could to obliterate during his short residence among them. The description of the pictures and antiques of the Escurial is entertaining, the shelves of the library groan under Arabian manuscripts, which, for the sake of literature, we shall have no objection to see transferred from the present lazy possessors to the French Institute.

The subject of the inquisition is next treated by our author, with a freedom which does honour to his heart as a man, and in language dictated by sensibility and philanthropy. We blush for humanity when we inform our readers that in the eighteenth century, a whole family of industrious and peaceable Moors, father, mother, children, and grandchildren, were committed to the flames amid the triumphant yells of thousands of cannibals, who displayed over the heads of their victims, the banners of that religion which teaches us to live in peace and good-will with all men. There is something peculiarly affecting in the little history of these unhappy Moors; they had been settled at Barcelona many years as silk-weavers, and the articles they sold were of a superior quality to those of their neighbours. A jealousy was of course created; the holy office lent its barbarous assistance, and the tortures of the Inquisition were the precursors of an auto da fè, which deprived the country of some of its most valuable subjects.

It is but a few years since a poor Jew was put to death in the same way in one of the principal cities in Spain. He was convicted of being a jew, an apostate, a heretic, and of *wavering in the faith!*

In 1780, a female was burnt alive at Seville for witchcraft by a sentence of the holy office.

A most interesting narrative of the cruelties inflicted by the Inquisition, is given in the history of M. Olavede, one of the most enlightened characters in Spain, if not in Europe, and which engages a large portion of M. Bourgoing's attention.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with details upon the commerce, the army and navy of Spain, with a general statistical account of her resources in population, finances, &c. which are the less interesting to an English reader, because all these objects are upon the eve

of regeneration. It may be observed, however, that the priesthood and the nobles (comprising nearly one third of the whole population) were wholly exempt from taxes and military service under the ancient regime.

The influence of the catholic superstition upon the minds of all classes in Spain, is described by M. Bourgoing in the following animated and lively manner:

'When the holy sacrament is carried any where, a little bell announces its approach. Immediately all business, all entertainment, all pleasure, is suspended; and every one continues on his knees till it is past. Even Protestants, who look upon this homage as a species of idolatry, have much ado to dispense with it. So far there is nothing more than what is conformable to the faith and doctrine of the catholic religion; but when the ludicrous appears, it is, as I have seen more than once at Madrid, when the Host passes a playhouse. As soon as the little bell is heard, the play is instantly stopped. Spectators and actors, whatever their parts, Moors, Jews, and even Devils*, all without exception turn towards the door that leads to the street, and, kneeling, remain in that position as long as the bell can be heard; and it requires not a little self-command to check an inclination for laughter.

'Another custom which must appear singular to an observer, even if he is himself a catholic, is to see on certain days notice fixed on the churches to this effect: *Oy-se saca amina*; "To day souls are released from purgatory." On the eve and the day of All-souls, this delivery is universally announced with the most doleful pomp. The churches are hung with black. The tombs are opened. A coffin, covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood representing the souls of the deceased are half way plunged into the flames. To succeed in drawing from purgatory those for whom they interest themselves, they pray a long time with great fervour; and passing afterwards rapidly from these charitable funereal employments to every worldly recreation, the day is finished by a jovial banquet, the principal dish of which is called *trépassés*, a kind of cake made of flour, butter, and aniseed.

'In almost every catholic country these customs prevail, and tend to cast a ridicule upon devotion: but in none, except perhaps in Italy, are they so frequent and universal as in Spain.

'Without being charged with impiety, or even philosophy, (which with certain people are synonymous,) I believe a man may avow that the custom observed at the door of the church of St. Anthony,

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* I do not exaggerate: One day during the performance of the play called *The devil turned preacher*, a very whimsical piece, where the devil is introduced into a convent in the dress of a monk, the Sacrament passed just at the time the pretended monk was on the stage, and he was obliged to kneel as well as the others which of course stopped the performance for some minutes.

on the day of his festival, of driving horses and mules in great solemnity to partake of a small quantity of oats, which a priest has sanctified by his benediction, and which is to preserve these beasts from sickness all the year, is not sound religion.

'Preserving all due respect for the catholic religion, one cannot but be surprised at the strange inconsistency of those who profess it, at the little conformity there is in their lives and actions with their religious ceremonies. This contradiction is extremely general in Spain, and few classes of people are exempt from it. I shall not speak of the coachmen, who when they mount their box; cross themselves, and mutter a few prayers, which are instantly followed by those energetic phrases with which they animate the ardour of their horses. But I will mention their masters, who, for their part, repeat an anthem almost always to the Virgin, even when they are going to pay very profane visits. Shall I add what I have heard from some wags, whose veracity however I will by no means answer for,—that if they meet a rival in a cowl, on the staircase, they ask of him absolution beforehand for the same kind of sin which he himself, to his great regret, is going to commit.

'The monkish habit is so respected that a preservative virtue is attributed to it, even beyond this life, whatever irregularities may have been committed under it. Nothing is more common than to see the dead buried in a friar's dress, and conducted in this manner with their face uncovered, which is almost the general custom in Spain. The Franciscan habit is the object of a marked predilection in the devotion of the deceased. The convents of this order have a special warehouse appropriated to this posthumous wardrobe. There is such a sale of these habits, that a stranger, who was only a few months at Madrid, without being informed of this singular custom, and seeing nothing but Franciscans interred, expressed to me his surprise at the prodigious number of them in that city, and asked me seriously, if their community, whatever their number, were not entirely carried off by this violent epidemic.

'In the same manner that the monkish habit accompanies some to the grave, it rises with others from the cradle. It is not uncommon to see gamboling in the streets, little monks of the age of four or five years. Sometimes the parents, whose whimsical vow they thus expiate, take the liberty of exercising their paternal severity under this holy robe: but that is perhaps the only outrage the habit receives in Spain; and these innocent creatures are the only monks who submit to the austerities of penance.

'Besides this a certificate of confession is required from every faithful catholic, native as well as stranger, which must prove that he has observed the precepts of the church during Lent; a very idle measure, because it is so very easy to procure them without accomplishing the formalities they require; because they are sold in the market like all other articles; because the *filles de joie* (who have numerous correspondents) have always to sell again to the bearer those they have obtained ***gratis***, it is easily guessed how.

'One of the most familiar gestures of the Spaniards is the sign of the cross. It is even their manner of expressing their surprise whenever they hear any thing extraordinary, pronouncing at the same time the name of *Jesus*. At each flash of lightning they repeat this sign; and even cross their mouth with their thumb when they gape: every step they take, it may be said, is marked with a grimace of devotion.

'When you enter a house, unless you wish to be considered as impious, or, what is still worse, a heretic, you must begin with these words, *Ave Maria purissima*; to which you will certainly receive this answer, *sin peccado concebida*. There is still fixed every year at the church doors, the *index*, or the list of those books, especially foreign, of which the Holy Office has thought proper to interdict the reading on pain of excommunication. But many of them certainly have not sufficient merit to deserve this proscription. What respect can we have for the thunder of the church, when it is hurled only by caprice or ignorance? Can the impious, or, if you please, the philosophers, wish for any other means to render it contemptible.

'Finally, that tribunal, secretly appreciated by a good number of wise men in the country, the Inquisition, is still honourably received by a great part of the nation. It has still its tremendous forms, its *familiers*, even in the most exalted classes, and sometimes its victims, &c. &c. &c.

'Let us be just, at the hazard of wounding the pride of those who are too ticklish, and desire nothing but praise without restriction, and declare without calumny that Spain is still the birth-place of mummery, and the land of fanaticism and superstition.'

After this gloomy picture of one part of the national character, the author appears before his readers as a man of gallantry, and apostrophises the Spanish ladies in the amorous strains of a love-sick novellist. It would, perhaps, be doing injustice to M. Bourgoing not to present him before our readers in a character which he seems to have assumed with exultation: if he has been too luxuriant in his description, his long residence in Spain, added to the natural gaiety of a Frenchman will plead his excuse.

'Jealousy, that odious passion, once so offensive in its suspicions, so injurious and cruel in its precautions, and implacable in its resentment, is now much weakened among the modern Spaniards. If in Spain the lovers are tormented with suspicion, and sometimes too severe in their vengeance, there is no country in Europe that can boast of so few jealous husbands. The women, who were formerly deprived of all intercourse, who could hardly be seen through the *jalousies* of their windows, (which certainly owe their name to the vile sentiment of him who invented them)—these women now enjoy perfect liberty. Their veils (*mantillas*,) the only

remains of their ancient slavery, now serve no other purpose than to defend them from the sun, and to render them more attractive. A tissue at first invented by jealousy now belies its intention. Coquetry has made it one of its most seducing articles of dress; and, in favouring half-concealment, has indirectly encouraged the stolen glances of love. Those lovers who breathed the tale of their disconsolate sufferings under the balcony of their invisible mistresses, and had no other witness or interpreter than their guitar, are now only to be found in plays and romances. Conquests are become less cruel, and less dilatory, and husbands are become more tractable, the women more accessible.

'The sensation which you experience at the approach of a handsome Spanish lady has something so bewitching that it baffles description. Her coquetry is more open and less restrained than that of other women. She cares little about pleasing the world in general. She esteems its approbation much more than she courts it; and is perfectly contented with one, if it be the object of her choice. If she neglects nothing which is likely to carry her point, at least she disdains affectation, and owes very little to the assistance of her toilet. The complexion of a Spanish woman never borrows any assistance from art. Art never furnishes her with a colour which Nature has denied to her by placing her under the influence of a burning sun. But with how many charms is she not endowed, as a compensation for her paleness! Where can you find such fine shapes as theirs; such graceful movements, such delicacy of features, and such lightness of carriage? Grave, and sometimes at first sight even a little melancholy, when she casts upon you her large black eyes full of expression, and when she accompanies them with a tender smile, insensibility itself must fall at her feet. But if the coldness of her behaviour does not hinder you from paying your addresses to her, she is as decided and mortifying in her disdain as she is seducing when she permits you to hope. In this last case she does not suffer you to be long in suspense, but perseverance must be followed by happiness; and this line from a well known poem,

Nourri par l'espérance, il meurt par les plaisirs,

cannot be applied to a Spanish lady.

'Perseverance is, without doubt, pleasure with a Spanish woman; but is at the same time a rigorous and slavish duty. Love, even when crowned with success, requires that you belong to her alone. The man who has enlisted under her banners, must sacrifice to her all his affections, all his desires, and all his time. He is condemned, not to languor, but to idleness. Those happy mortals whom the Spanish women deign to subdue, and are named *cortejos*, are less disinterested, but are not less assiduous, than the Italian *cicisbeos*. They must be ready to prove their devotion every hour of the day; to accompany their beloved to the promenade, to the theatre, and even to the confessional. More than one tempest disturbs the serenity of such an union; the slightest incident produces alarm; and a transient wavering is punished like infidelity. It may

be said, that in Spain Jealousy has fled from Hymen to take refuge in the bosom of Love; and that it belongs more particularly to that sex which seems made rather to inspire than to experience it.

'To be brief. The bonds of a handsome Spanish woman are less pleasant to support than difficult to avoid. Their caprices, the natural offspring of a lively imagination, are sometimes obstinate and unruly. But it is not easy to reconcile with those transient humours the constancy of most of the Spanish women in their attachments. The infatuation which they occasion and which they experience, so different from all extreme situations that do not last long, is often prolonged much beyond the ordinary time; and I have seen in this land of ardent passions more than one lover die of old age. May not this apparent contradiction be accounted for from their religious scruples, ill understood as they almost always are? The conscience of a Spanish woman, though complaisant enough to permit one only choice at which her duty murmurs, would it not be frightened with a succession of infidelities? Does she find for the first an excuse in her frailty, and in the irresistible vow of her heart, that draws her to the only object which Nature designed for her? Or does she find in succeeding attachments the sin appear again in all its ugliness? This is another enigma to explain in the Spanish women. They reconcile their inconsistency in morals with the minute observance of religious duties. In many countries these excesses succeed one another alternately. In Spain they are inseparable, as well among the men as the women. In this association of the most incoherent things, their object seems to be not to prevent scandal or to change their conduct, but to make a kind of compensation for their faults.

'I have known many women, abandoned to an attachment which their duty disproves, surrounded with relics and scapularies, bind themselves by the most insignificant vows, and fulfil them with scrupulosity.

'I believe that hypocrites, the true *Tartuffes*, are rare in Spain; but this fantastic association of immorality with superstitious practices ismore common in Spain than elsewhere. That horrible gift which the New World has given to the Old, is become in Spain the patrimony of whole families, and the degeneration of a great number of illustrious races is strikingly visible. This plague, which seems to have become very common here, is of most dangerous consequence to those who have been born in another climate; and though a thousand charms and attractions incite, a prudent foreigner will hesitate before he bends his neck to this dreadful yoke.

'This depravity is, however, not so general as the libertine would insinuate. There are, indeed, in Madrid many exemplary families, faithful spouses, and women that might be quoted as models of reserve and decorum.'

(To be continued.)

ART. VIII.—*Modern Medicine; containing a brief Exposition of the principal Discoveries and Doctrines that have occasioned the recent Advancement of Medical Philosophy: with Strictures on the present State of Medical Practice; and an Inquiry how far the Principles of the healing Art may become the Subject of unprofessional Research. By David Uwins, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and Author of the Medical Articles in Dr. Gregory's Encyclopædia.* 8vo. 6s. Tipper. 1808.

DR. Uwins has here presented us with some agreeable small-talk on medicine, and other subjects connected with it. What is his precise object we profess we cannot tell; but we suppose it is to inform the good people of Aylesbury, where he has lately, we believe, taken up his residence, that they have a doctor of no common stamp come among them. The object (if such it be) is at least very innocent: and as, from the specimen of his talents here before us, we are not inclined to think meanly of them, we wish him every success. We hope that his book will not be confined to a principal pane of the window of the bookseller's shop; may it penetrate into the parlours of the mayor, aldermen, and principal burgesses; may all the curates of the neighbouring parishes read and admire it; and finally, may its author become the *Magnus Apollo*, not merely of the borough of Aylesbury, but of the whole county of Buckingham.

If we are right in our conjecture concerning the motives which have given rise to this performance, we may be spared the trouble of giving a laboured analysis of its contents. But a man has commonly two motives in all the actions of life which are likely to invite the notice and remarks of his neighbours: one the private and real motive, the other the avowed and professed. They are commonly as opposite as light and darkness: as most men carry about them two faces, one smooth and smiling and good-humoured for strangers and holiday visitors; another sour, gloomy, and ill-natured for the service of their wives and families. Let the doctor then speak for himself, and tell us what he would have the world believe to be the object of his writing.

'This path of investigation is not however the track which it is my attention to pursue; and it is merely necessary in this place to speak of one consequence of the change in public sentiment alluded to, as it relates to the profession of medicine. I mean the establishment of scepticism upon the ruins of mystery. Man is proverbially prone to extremes and to error: it is moreover a singular fact,

that the same constitution of mind which favours implicit belief, facilitates also the influence of doubt. Those optics which are most easily dazzled by exterior splendour, and artificial colouring, are by this process blinded to the interior and essential, when the exterior and adventitious are removed. The curtain is drawn, and all behind it is a blank. The awfully obscure of medicine is abrogated, and therefore 'medicine itself is a mere trick.'

'In this respect we find the history and fate of physic to bear a pretty exact correspondence with that calling, the objects of which are incomparably more momentous than medicine itself; and as the requisitions of the times summon the divine not to assert magisterially, but to give a reason for the hope that is in him, so it devolves upon the medical professor to silence cavil and crush suspicion by a fair and open avowal of his claims to public respect and confidence. To appeal then from the misconception of the ignorant, and the misrepresentation of the inimical, to the good sense and candour of the public was my principal object in the execution of the present treatise, which is intended to convey such information respecting the science and practice of medicine, as, while it instructs the professional student, shall interest the man of general intelligence; while it endeavours to collect and fashion into one body the various members of which modern medicine is composed, will at the same time, attempt to mould this mass into such form as not to terrify the uninitiated beholder.

'In fine, it is my wish to give such a general view of the medical art as, not intended solely for the public, shall be open to public inspection; to state the grounds upon which is argued the improved condition of this art, to show "that medicine need only be better known to secure the esteem of mankind," and to draw that line of distinction, which exclusively of artifice, and independently of interest, must ever divide the professional from the popular cultivation of medical philosophy."

We do not think that Dr. Uwins has been very happy in his selection of topics to prove the superiority of modern over ancient medicine. He enters upon his task by a slight and superficial view of the history of medicine. M. Cabanis (a sprightly and engaging writer, but one whose learning is very confined) seems to have furnished our author with the meagre catalogue of names and sects, which forms his second chapter. From some of the observations in the third, entitled a "*Disquisition on the nature of theory*," we have derived more pleasure. We have seldom seen the connection between theory and experience more happily and more strongly expressed than in the following words.

'To experience, is to know; to know is to infer; to infer is to reason; and to reason is to systematize. A system, in its proper signification is not then an invention, but a scheme which unites

many things in order, and it is thus impossible not to systematize; for to learn we must not merely observe, but we must collect, connect, arrange, and compare; from this collation and arrangement, we come to make certain deductions, which deductions constitute the whole of our knowledge.'

We have then a chapter on the Brunonian system, in which the author, though sensible of its deficiencies, maintains that it has produced much benefit in reforming practice. The criticisms on this system are, we think, very feeble; nor are the illustrations of its supposed benefit happily chosen.

From medical systems Dr. Uwins takes a leap to chemistry, concerning which we find nothing but what is common-place and superficial; and from thence he flits away to physiology, his remarks on which we are compelled to characterize by the same terms. The seventh chapter on the question, *how far does the new chemistry apply to medicine*, has more of originality, and deserves to be considered by those who dream that the phenomena of diseases are now-a-days to be explained by stories about oxygen and azote, as they formerly were by acids and alkalis.

But we would ask how does all this prove the vast superiority of the modern over the ancient medicine? Does it show that we possess more useful and efficacious remedies than formerly? that the histories of diseases are more complete, and consequently that the art both of discriminating, and of prognosticating is essentially improved? What disease is cured more safely or more speedily than by our predecessors? Has any one of the Herculean maladies, the *opprobria medicorum*,—has the gout, the dropsy, or the cancer, ceased to harass its unfortunate victims; and to render human life a burden to its possessors? We understand perhaps the office of the lungs, and the atmospheric changes produced by respiration more perfectly than was done thirty years ago: do we therefore cure asthma or consumption more surely? Till questions such as these are satisfactorily answered, we fear that there will still be sceptics with regard to the vastly improved condition of the medical art, and raillers who will assert that "medicine itself is a mere trick," in spite of the rhetoric of Dr. Uwins.

Dr. Uwins avows himself to be wholly hostile to systems of domestic medicine.

'How far,' asks he, 'ought the medical learning of the unprofessional to extend? Just far enough to make them "know how little is to be known," to induce them to consign their domestic sys-

tems of medicine to the flames, and to convince them of the utter incompetency of books alone to direct the practice of physic in the slightest degree.'

How consistent is this in one who professes to write a view, "though not intended solely for the public, to be open to the public inspection." With what modesty can any writer of a popular work say to the public, read my book; you will learn much from it; but commit all others to the flames. This is very nearly the language of declaimers against attempts to instruct the public on subjects concerning which they are much interested to form correct ideas.

When Dr. Uwins has really something to write about, we shall attend to him with more pleasure, we doubt not, than we have received from this performance. His stile is natural and agreeable, his thoughts seem to flow in an even and tranquil course, and if he is not profound, he is neither shallow nor coxcomical. Some of his words are perhaps hardly English, as *negated, debile, subordinating.* But the present volume is for the greater part, a mere collection of common topics, or observations which are familiar to every tyro. We should willingly see him employed on an original work, where there may be a proper field for the native good sense which he appears to possess.

ART. IX.—*Juvenile Dramas, 3 Vols. By the Author of Summer Rambles, &c. &c.* Longman.

THESE dramas are very pleasing little performances, and the perusal will afford much gratification. Indeed, we think there are few young minds whom they would not very materially benefit. The characters are delineated with delicacy and discrimination; they exhibit that refinement of manners and sobriety of thought, on what may be termed family matters, which it is of essential service to impress on the attention of our juvenile fair. Books for young people and children have been too much tinctured with that prudery and puritanism which mark the characters of our country schoolmistresses, or to speak more fashionably, *governesses,* who, having obtained a smattering of every thing, which they style *accomplishments,* think themselves qualified to '*open a seminary for young ladies, where the greatest attention is paid to the accomplishments, health, and morals of the pupils entrusted to their care.*' This is the common cant,

and the specimens they *turn out*, may be seen as large as life, but neither useful nor ornamental, in our market towns and country villages, dressed, or rather undressed, according to the present fashion, sticking coloured paper on fire-screens, netting purses, and reading novels. The ladies, who establish a *seminary* in or near town have a much more easy way of informing parents what they *may not expect* from their exertions and attentions to their young friends. The consideration of morals is much too gothic and too trivial compared with the important accomplishment of the best method of whitening the hands, and gracefully kissing them *en passant*, letting down the glass of a carriage with ease, and entering a drawing-room with elegance. The young lady must also be *au fait* in the management of her voice, the turn of the eyes, and the reclining of her neck. She must know the most approved method of throwing the mantle in graceful folds over the shoulder, and adjusting her dress with elegance *piquant*. Her other accomplishments are equally *serious*; and require the same time and labour to acquire. There must be a little French, a little Italian, a little painting, a little varnish work, a little worsted work, a little embroidery, and a great deal of music, with a certain portion of fashionable reading, &c. and she is returned to her parents a completely elegant, well-bred, well educated, and fashionable young woman.

The object of these little dramas is to expose the folly of bringing up young women in this frivolous and faulty manner, and to shew the superiority of an education which blends the useful qualities with the ornamental, which forms the complete gentlewoman, the sensible companion, the affectionate wife, and the tender mother. We will present our readers with the titles of each drama, that they may know on what subjects they treat. The first is Quarter-day, on which two elegant girls receive their allowance; the difference of these girls' character is very prettily pourtrayed, and shows the truth of the good old saw of *being just before we are generous*. The next is the Fashionist, with the story of Neily and her poor old father. And the next, All in the Wrong, which closes the first volume. Duplicity, the Bank-note, and the Birth-day, are the subjects of the second volume; Agnes commences the third; and this character, who promises every thing and performs nothing, is extremely well drawn, and gives a lesson which cannot be too much impressed on young minds. The Contrast, and the Harvest Home, conclude this little performance,

which we have much pleasure in recommending for its amusement and instruction. We will subjoin a scene from the last volume, as a specimen of these simple dramas. The scene is the preparation for a harvest-feast given by an *honest* and *liberal* farmer (a sort of prodigy in these days) in expectation of the return of his daughter, who had been taken under the protection of a lady, who fell so much in love with her good looks and pleasant manners that she is determined to make her a gentlewoman (or rather a *fine lady*) which is a character easily formed. A farmer's or a cobler's daughter may readily be metamorphosed into the latter; but the *true gentlewoman* is much more difficult to attain.

'*Act the first. Benson.*

'Let there be plenty; and do not spare the cakes and ale, I beg of you; but let it go round freely, that all may see they are welcome.—I long for Ann's arrival; I hope her town life has made no change in her, I never relish'd that jaunt; but the old lady was so taken with her, and so pressing, and Ann so desirous of trying it, that I did not like to refuse.—I shall never forgive myself if she has got hold of any airs, and learn'd to despise her family, and country acquaintance.

'*Mrs. Benson.*

'I don't think we shall find any change in her. James said, she was very joyful when he told her, last week, that she was to come home to the harvest feast; and said if there was no horse to spare she would walk; any thing rather than be absent on such an occasion.

'*Dorothy.*

'I shall break my heart if she is grown a fine lady, and looks down upon me.—She used to love me so dearly, and to be so happy at home! she was the life of the house:—I wish she had never left us.

'*Robert.*

'Hark!—I hear a horse!—(*looking out*)—'Tis James,—and there's Ann. [Runs off, followed by Rose and the others; but meeting Ann, they all return immediately with her.—Her dress is to be entirely different from Dorothy's and she is altogether, to make a very fashionable appearance.]

'*Ann.* (*embracing her father and mother.*)

'Dear father! dear mother! how glad I am to see you.—My dear Dorothy! how grave you look! and how you stare at me!—Are you sorry I am come home?

'*Dorothy* (*embracing her*).

'I am sure you are well persuaded to the contrary, Ann, tho' I hid from you, as well as I was able, what I felt when you left us.

'*Benson.*

'Why Ann! you are as fine as the ladies up at the squire's!—I hope you are not come home to make a show of yourself?

'*Ann.*

'My dear father! can you think me so ridiculous?

'*Mrs. Benson.*

'Why then did you come in such a garb, to make the whole village laugh at you?

'*Ann.*

'I could not avoid it:—Mrs. Lawrence insisted on my doing so, and that I should pack up a portmanteau full of my best clothes to wear to-morrow, and *surprise the savages* she said. If I had contradicted her, and put her out of humour, she would not have allowed me to leave the house.—All I could do, as soon as I got out of the town, was to take this enormous feather out of my hat, (pulls a feather from her pocket,) and to beg James would bring me home by the back lane.

'*Benson.*

'Savages forsooth!—Why does she call us savages?

'*Ann.*

'Because she has been taught to believe that people who live in the country have not common sense; and it was to save me from becoming *wild* and *savage*, that she took me away from you, to make a lady of me, and to teach me to hold up my head; to be two hours dressing; to wear a long piece of muslin hanging after me, for people to wipe their shoes upon; to spend my mornings either shut up in her dressing-room by a roasting fire, receiving visits and talking of the fashions, or in driving round the town to leave cards, with her name upon them, at twenty different doors; and to discover a great pleasure in sitting a whole evening at her elbow, whilst she was at cards, with two or three cross people who were all the time wrangling about odd tricks, and four by honours.—No, all her kindness will not induce me to continue to live such a life.—I have never been happy since I left home; and if I had not been unwilling to appear ungrateful to a lady who profess'd so much regard for me I would have left her at the end of the first week.

'*Mrs. Benson.*

'Why did you stay where you was not happy, child? You knew you had a comfortable home to return to.———

'*Ann.*

'My dear mother! I heard I was to be sent for to the harvest-

feast, and thought it would give me a fair oppportunity of quitting my town life, for that which nature intended me for, and which I hope never again to be induced to leave. My father will assist me in writing a letter of thanks to Mrs. Lawrence, and excuse my not returning, for indeed I cannot go back to her. I felt myself quite out of my place in her house, and without any relish for her amusements.

'*Dorothy.*

'Oh! my dear Ann! how happy I am to hear you say so!—We have all been afraid that we should see you come home in a very different humour.

'*Benson.*

'I also rejoice at finding you in this disposition, tho' had it been otherwise, I do not think I could have made up my mind to leave you any longer there: had you once imbibed a taste for dress and dissipation, you would have been lost to us for ever; you would soon have learn'd to look with disdain upon our country manners, and our simple amusements, and would have been ashamed to own farmer Benson, of Wheatley, for your father.—I seldom have seen any good arise from stepping out of the line which Providence has marked out for us, and do not wonder that you felt yourself uneasy in Mrs. Lawrence's fine house; things misplaced always appear awkward.—Mrs. Lawrence would look very much so in your mother's dairy!

'*Mrs. Benson.*

'I fancy she would, indeed!—I should be very sorry to see her there slopping my milk and cream about.

'*Ann.*

'She could not be more ridiculous than your daughter Ann. I saw fifty things every day which I could not understand, and to say the truth, which even when explained, I never discovered the use of, unless to put money into the pockets of those who had invented them.

'*Dorothy.*

'Well dear sister, since you will not leave us any more, we shall have time enough to hear of your adventures among Mrs. Lawrence's finery, how much of her china you knock'd down, and how many of your long trains you tore, because you did not know how to manage them. At present we have no time to lose in chatting, James has carried all the things into the back room, and we have spices to pound and currants to clean, for our cakes to morrow.—My lady, will you please to allow me to lend you an apron?'

'*Ann.*

'Well recollected—thank you Dorothy!—I hope I shall find all my own in my drawers, as well as my other clothes, and, lest any

one should come in and catch me in this masquerade dress, I will go up stairs immediately, and change it, for something better suited to the work we have to do and to my situation in life.—I shall lay this dress in a drawer by itself, and if I should ever grow tired of our village, (which I dont think likely to happen,) one glance at it will make me recollect the restraint I suffer'd when I lived in town, and teach me to be contented with my home, and the society of my old acquaintance.

[*Exeunt Ann and Dorothy.*]

'*Benson*, [*looking after Ann.*]

'There she goes, just the good girl she was when she left us; and since she has returned free from the infection of finery and pleasure I am not sorry she has had the trial; it will probably be a useful lesson to her, &c. &c."

ART. X.—*Historical Account of Charter-house; compiled from the Works of Hearne and Bearcroft, Harleian, Cottonian, and private MSS. And from other authentic Sources. By a Carthusian.* 4to. *Price in boards* 3*l.* 3*s. pp.* 380. Wilkie, &c. &c. 1808,

'IN the year 1346 a raging pestilence desolated the earth; commencing in Asia, and spreading thence to Italy, Germany, and France.' From the latter country it soon communicated itself to this island, where its ravages were most signally destructive, such multitudes being swept away in London (as well as in all other parts of the country) that the consecrated places of burial were far from being sufficiently extensive to hold the dead. Under these circumstances the superstitious charity of the times was evinced in donations of particular spots of ground to be consecrated for the melancholy purpose of receiving the ejected bodies; and, among these, the most conspicuous was that of Sir Walter de Manny (Froissart's celebrated hero) who purchased of the master and brethren of St. Bartholomew's Spittle, a piece of ground called Spittle-croft (contiguous to Pardon Chapel-yard), containing 13 acres and a rood,' to be appropriated to the pious use above-mentioned. In the ground so bought and consecrated, upwards of 50,000 persons are said to have been buried during the year 1349, *the second* of the plague in England. On the same ground Sir Walter furthermore erected a chapel where masses were said for the repose of its numerous tenants; and towards the year 1360

he seems to have first formed the design of further enlarging his charity by the establishment of a college on the spot.

Before this design could be executed, Michael de Northburgh, bishop of London, died (A.D. 1361) having bequeathed the sum of 2000l. besides other considerable benefactions 'for the founding, building, and finishing of a convent for monks of the Carthusian order;' and Sir Walter, having heard of this bequest, consulted with the bishop's executors as to uniting together the scheme for a Carthusian convent with his own intended foundation. An arrangement took place between them accordingly, and on the 28th of March 1371, Sir Walter having obtained the king's licence for the purpose, sealed his charter of foundation, by which,

'After reciting his original donation of 13 acres and a rood of land, without the bars of West Smithfield, in a place then called the Spittle-croft, and afterwards New Church Hawe, for the interment &c. &c. 'and' &c. &c. 'had built in the same place a chapel in honour of God and the Blessed Virgin, he did (having a special love to the most holy order of Carthusians) erect a house of that order in perpetual memory of the said holy festival' (the annunciation); 'and with the consent of the chief-prior of the said order, did appoint John Lustote to be first prior of his convent, and did, by that writing, give and confirm the said 13 acres and a rood, and the chapel and all other buildings erected thereon, to the aforesaid prior and monks, and their successors, and also, to the same persons, 3 acres adjoining without the walls on the north part.'*

This charter was afterwards confirmed by a bull of Pope Urban, the fifth, according to Herne and others, but as the author of this volume (Mr. Smythe) has sufficiently proved, the sixth, who ascended the papal chair in 1378, by which time it appears that the foundation was complete under the title of '*the house of the Salutation of the mother of God*, a double Monastery of the order of Carthusians, without the bars of West Smithfield, near London.'

This account of the foundation of Charter-house (*Chartreuse*) is followed by some details respecting the Institution of the order and the life of its romantic founder, St. Bruno, the Quixote of monks. These are 'principally extracted from the *Histoire des ordres Religieux*,' and do not contain much information that may not be frequently met with elsewhere: but the following abstract of the singular code of laws which he promulgated may be amusing to those of our readers who have not met with any account of it before.

* This instrument is still kept in the evidence-room of Charter-house, and is said to be in good preservation.

'Superstition seems to have borrowed all the austerities practised by the various preceding monastic institutions, to form a code for the mortification of these religious.*

'They never ate flesh, not even in the most dangerous distempers, nor even fish, *unless it was given them*; they slept upon a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them; they rose at midnight to sing their matins; they never spoke to one another, or to any person whatever, except upon festivals and chapter-days, and were allowed to walk once a week only, about their own grounds, but never to go abroad, except the Prior and procurator, upon the necessary affairs of the house. All were obliged to fast upon bread and water, and salt, at least one day in the week, and to wear shirts made of hair; their habit was a white loose coat with a cowl of the same: but when they went abroad they had a case of black stuff over it.

'The monasteries of this order had generally two cloisters, a large and a small one, the smaller next the church, the greater next to that, and about this great cloister were the houses of the religious, for they had not cells, as in other orders, but every one had a separate house to himself, with all things requisite for a person who had renounced the world; having a chamber with a chimney in it, another to sleep in, a closet to study in, a refectory, a little gallery, a closet to lay things out of the way, a place for provisions, and a garden. Some diverted themselves in the garden, others with mechanical arts, and some with their books. They went out of their houses only thrice a day, to the choir; to matins early in the morning, to high mass at noon, and to vespers in the afternoon; continuing shut up all the rest of the time; and dining in separate houses, their diet being carried to them, and put in at a little window, without speaking. On holy days, they went to the choir, at all hours of the divine offices, and ate together at the common refectory; women were not only excluded their enclosure, but even their church and court, and therefore their church was generally within their house. The brothers were not only interdicted speech with each other, but they could not even converse with a stranger, unless authorised by a special license from the superior.' P. 19, 21.

Mr. Smythe thinks proper, in the next chapter, to give us some biographical notices of the co-founders above mentioned; but of Bishop Northburgh he has been unable to find any thing worth the labour of search; and his details respecting Sir Walter Manny might well have been spared, since Froissart (from whom alone they are compiled, with the exception of a very few unimportant facts from the Eng-

* This sentence is most evidently *done into English* from the French original. Many instances of awkward translation and also of awkward composition appear in the work. Rev.

lish chroniclers, &c.) is become so familiar to the public in Mr. Johnes's translation.

Mr. Smythe complains, in his introduction, of a refusal which he experienced when he asked leave of the Governors for liberty to inspect the records in the Charter-house; and, if he assigns the true reason of this refusal, viz: 'that it was supposed Mr. Malcolm had already extracted from them all that was useful or entertaining,' we really think there is some foundation for his complaint. At least we know no reason why he should not have been permitted to form his own judgment on that head. Whether the result of his enquiry would have equalled the sanguine expectations which he seems to have formed of it, we cannot pretend to say. But, deprived as he has been of that obvious assistance which, it seems to us, he had some right to demand, we are not to wonder that his facts are very scanty respecting the state and transactions of the convent from the time of its erection to that of its dissolution. Respecting the latter event, however, he has collected some amusing details, with extracts from which we shall present our readers.

The act having passed to prohibit appeals to Rome, and that also to invest the king with full authority to reform abuses in the church, commissioners were sent to administer the prescribed oaths to the members of all monasteries and convents throughout the kingdom.

'The inquisitors delegated to visit the Charter-house, commenced their functions there early in 1534, being the 26th year of Henry's reign, and John Howghton the prior, and Humphrey Middlemore the procurator, refusing to take the oaths, were imprisoned in the Tower; a month's confinement induced compliance, and, with several of their brethren, they gave a certificate of conformity, under their hands, dated the 29th of May in that year. Still the major part of the convent refused, and, although obstinacy and bigotry may be imputed to them, the monks seem to have been, for the most part, men who acted from principle and the impressions of conscience.

'Their debates on this great and important question were conducted with much deliberation. Several communications by letter passed between the Monks of the *Charter-house* and those of *Sion* on the subject. Father *Fewterer*, confessor general of the latter, had confirmed, and most zealously endeavoured to persuade the monks of the Charter-house to follow his example. In the *British Museum* is the copy of a letter written to them at the request of Father *Fewterer*, and is as follows, &c. &c.'

'Whether moved by the salutary advice of Father *Fewterer*, or acting from the impulse of terror, the remainder of the convent

subscribed to the succession and supremacy on the 6th of June following, &c.

'Notwithstanding the acquiescence of the convent in what had been required of them, *Prior Houghton* enjoyed his liberty and his life but a short time; for he was convicted of delivering too free an opinion of the King and his proceedings, in regard to the supremacy, to speak against which was now made treason, and, together with two other *Carthusian* priors, originally monks of this convent, a monk of *Sion* house, and the vicar of *Thistleworth* (Isleworth) was condemned on the 29th of April, and drawn, hanged, and quarter'd at *Tyburn*, on the 4th of May 1535; and, that the execution might strike the greater terror into the refractory, the heads and quarters of the unhappy sufferers were exhibited on the gates of the city, except part of the mangled carcase of *Houghton*, which was set up over the gate of the *Charter-house* itself. This last piece of disgusting barbarity does not seem to have wrought the effect intended; so certain it is that persecution tends to make converts even to error.

'The very next month, *Humphry Midylmore*, the procurator above-mentioned, who had been imprisoned with *Houghton* the year before, *William Exmew*, and *Sebastian Newdigate*, three principal monks of the convent were on a similar account apprehended, condemned, and executed.

'These unfortunate men had been chained in an upright position for thirteen days prior to their execution.'

Not long afterwards the act passed, still more severe than any of the preceding, declaring 'every person who possessed any office, ecclesiastical or civil, and who refused to renounce the pope *by oath*, and acknowledge the king's *supremacy*,' guilty of treason.

'A compliance with this statute was demanded of the monks at *Charter-house*, and the assistance of Father *Copynger*, who had succeeded Father *Fewterer*, as general confessor of the order, was obtained to persuade these refractory monks to submit to the king; but in vain. Two of the most bigoted, *Fox* and *Chauncey*, were transported to the monastery of *Beauvalle*, to profit by the arguments of the visitors of that convent. The following letter, now extant in the *British Museum*, serves to shew the trifling impression made by the visitors on these monks, and how anxious they were to escape from the discipline of *Fairvalley* Abbey, &c.'

'Two of the monks of this convent, *Brook* and *Burgoyne*, who had been, or pretended to be, convinced by Father *Copynger's* precepts, were zealous in their endeavours to induce *Fox* and *Chauncey* to follow their example, and, upon the latter being sent by the visitors to Sion, earnestly solicited the confessor's '*paynes and pacience*' for to

their brethren. Their letter on this subject, preserved in the same valuable repository, breathes a fervent spirit of charity.'

'Andrew Boord, another Carthusian monk, having discovered that his age was at variance with the rules of the order, and that the confined air of his cell was injurious to his health, quitted the habit and advised his brethren to submit to the king.'

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ART. XI.—*Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza. By Charles Richard Vaughan, M.B. Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, and one of Dr. Ratcliffe's travelling Fellows from that University.* Ridgway. 1809.

THIS small performance is perhaps the most interesting which has appeared on the present agitated state of Spain. It is a plain, inartificial, and circumstantial summary of the siege of Zaragoza, which will be for ever renowned in the annals of valour and of patriotism. Had the whole of Spain, or only a large part of the towns and cities, been animated with the same determined spirit of resistance to the aggressions of the French, the same enthusiastic resolve to conquer or to die, which animated the single city of Zaragoza, the *great* Napoleon would, long ere this, have abandoned the design of imposing a king on the Spaniards, as a hopeless task. Had even Madrid made the same heroic defence, the strength of the army of Napoleon would have been wasted before its walls, and slaughtered in hecatombs in its streets. But none of the towns in Spain have evinced the same noble daring which has immortalized the capital of Arragon; and has caused the name of Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the place, to be enrolled among the most illustrious in history.

Dr. Vaughan tells us, in his preface, that in the summer of last year he made a long tour in Spain; and that, among other objects of curiosity, he visited the city of Zaragoza, where he was 'introduced to Don Joseph Palafox, at whose table he lived; and whom he twice accompanied as a volunteer to his army on the frontiers of Navarre.' Dr. Vaughan remained several weeks in the town of Zaragoza itself, where he made the most diligent enquiries into the particulars of the siege. Don Joseph Palafox is, we are told, 'the youngest of three brothers of one of the most distinguished families

in Arragon.' He had accompanied Ferdinand VII. to Bayonne, from whence he had escaped in the disguise of a peasant to his country-seat near Zaragoza. The inhabitants of Zaragoza and of the neighbouring villages had unanimously conferred on him the government of the place, on the deposition of the last captain-general of Arragon, Guilliamah, who had manifested a disposition to submit to the French.

Palafox is about thirty-four years of age, 'his person of middling stature; his eyes lively and expressive, and his whole deportment that of a perfectly well-bred man, accustomed to the best society.' Previous to the commencement of his command on the 25th of May, 1808, he had seen no actual service; and though he had been in the Spanish guards, he had little acquaintance with military affairs. At the perilous moment, when the city of Zaragoza determined to repel the aggressions of the French, its walls did not contain more than two hundred and sixty regular troops; and the public treasury of the province could not furnish a larger sum than twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence in English money. But PUBLIC SPIRIT alone, where it is general, ardent, and sincere, can furnish resources which exceed all common calculation; and can provide against exigencies and overcome difficulties which would be insuperable without this means of counteraction and assurance of triumph.

Early in the month of June the French sent eight thousand infantry, and nine hundred cavalry, from Pamplona against Zaragoza, before any plan of military organization for the defence of the place could be completed. This force was opposed by some armed peasantry in the neighbourhood of Tudela, on the 13th of June; the latter were, however, beaten by the enemy, when they retreated into the city of Zaragoza; and the French advanced within a very short distance of the town. On the 15th of June the French made a furious attack upon the place; but, after a most sanguinary conflict, the desperate valour of the Aragonese obliged them to retire. Soon after this event General Palafox left Zaragoza for a short time in order to procure reinforcements. He collected from twelve to fourteen hundred soldiers, who had escaped from Madrid, with whom he united a small division of militia. With this insignificant force he complied with the wish of his soldiers to give battle to the French; but that design was anticipated by the enemy, who, in the night, made a sudden attack on the Spaniards at Epila. The patriots were defeated after an obstinate resistance; and the remnant threw themselves into Zaragoza.

The French, who had received reinforcements of troops and artillery from Pamplona, had on the 28th of June, obtained possession of the Torrero, or some high ground which commands the city.

'The neighbouring battery also, which had been entrusted to an artillery officer, and five hundred men, fell into their hands; the officer was declared a traitor to his country, for not having defended this important post as he ought to have done, and on his return into Zaragoza, was immediately hanged.

'After the surrender of the Torrero, the city could communicate only with the country on the side of the Ebro.

'During these operations of the enemy, the Aragonese were busily employed in placing their town in the best possible state of defence that their slender resources would admit of. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before every gate, in the form of a battery, digging round each of them, a deep trench. They broke holes in the mud-walls, and intermediate buildings for musquetry, and sometimes, where the position was commanding, cannon were stationed; the houses in the environs of the city were pulled down, or burned: gardens, and olive grounds that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were chearfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy. The exertions of the men were animated by women of every description, who formed themselves into parties for the relief of the wounded, and for carrying water, and provisions to the batteries at the gates, while their children were employed in conveying cartridges which had been made by the monks.'

'About the last day of June, a powder magazine, a very strong building in the heart of the city of Zaragoza, blew up, and in a moment nearly a whole street was reduced to a heap of ruins; the inhabitants of Zaragoza had scarcely recovered from their consternation at this fatal, and irreparable loss, and from the labour of extricating their fellow-citizens from the ruins of their houses, when the French, who had received mortars, howitzers, and cannon (12 pounders, of sufficient calibre for the mud-walls of Zaragoza) opened a destructive fire upon the city. It has been estimated, that about 12 hundred shells and grenades fell in Zaragoza, which had not one building within it that was bomb-proof, nor had the inhabitants then taken the precaution of placing beams of timber together endways against the houses, behind which passengers might find shelter, whenever a shell should chance to fall near them.

'The attack of the enemy seemed to be directed principally against the gate called *Portillo*, and the castle near it without the walls, and which is nothing more than a large, square building made use of as a prison, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The sand-bag bat-

tery before the gate of the Portillo, was gallantly defended by the Aragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. It was here, that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel; Augustina Zaragoza, about 22 years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of the people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo, at the very moment, when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens, and soldiers, for the moment, hesitated to remain at the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery man, and fired off a 26-pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege, and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. When the writer of these pages saw this heroine at Zaragoza, she had a small shield of honour embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with "Zaragoza." inscribed upon it, and was receiving a pension from the government and the daily pay of an artilleryman.'

'Above the city, the Ebro was fordable, below it, the French, in spite of the efforts of the Aragonese, had constructed a bridge on the 24th July. Having by these means transported their cavalry to the opposite bank of the river, they destroyed the mills which supplied the town with flour, levied contributions in the different villages, and thus cut off the only communication by which the besieged could receive any supplies either of provisions or ammunition. Every difficulty, however, which they hourly, nay momentarily experienced, served only to heighten the resentment of the people, and to call forth the resources of their active, and intelligent general. In this critical situation he caused corn-mills worked by horses, to be established in various parts of the city, and ordered the monks to be employed, under skilful directors, in manufacturing gunpowder. All the sulphur which the place afforded was put into immediate requisition, the earth of the streets was carefully washed in order to furnish saltpetre; and charcoal was made of the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grows to a very unusual size; and on this simple foundation there has been formed since the siege a regular manufactory of gunpowder, which yields thirteen arrobas of Castile per day, or three hundred and twenty-five pounds of twelve ounces.

'At the close of the month of July, the Aragonese found their city completely invested by the enemy. Their large population was now but scantily supplied with food, and had little or no hope of succour. By the unremitted exertions of forty-six days, their spirits were exhausted, and their bodily strength necessarily impair-

ed. Without a single place of security for their sick and their children, they were in hourly expectation of another general attack, and a second more formidable bombardment; while their streets were filled with wounded, in consequence of daily skirmishes with the enemy, entered into in order to open a communication with the country. At this moment one desperate effort was made, though in vain, to recover the important position of the Torrero, after which, the Aragonese, convinced of the impossibility of making a sortie with effect, resolved to conquer or perish within the walls of their city.'

On the 4th of August the splendid convent of the Santa Engracia was set on fire by the batteries of the enemy, who had made a breach by which they rushed into the city and penetrated to a street called the *Calle de Cozo*, in the centre of the town. The French were thus in possession of one-half of Zaragoza. The French general demanded the capitulation in the following note:

'*Quartel General—Santa Engracia.*
La Capitulation.'

The answer immediately returned was:

'*Quartel General—Zaragoza.*'
*Guerra al Cuchillo.**
PALAFOX.'

We do not believe that the annals even of the Greeks or Romans furnish a trait of patriotic heroism superior to this.

'One side of the street Cozo, the breadth of which is about equal to that of Pall Mall, was now occupied by the French, in the centre of which General Verdier was seen giving his orders from the Franciscan convent. The Aragonese maintained their positions on the opposite side, throwing up batteries at the openings of the streets, within a few paces of similar batteries of the French. The intervening space was soon heaped up with dead either thrown from the windows of the houses in which they had been slain, or killed in the conflicts below.

'Nothing in the whole course of the siege more embarrassed Don Palafox than this enormous accumulation of the dead, and the apprehension of the contagious disorders which must infallibly result from it. To an Aragonese it was almost certain death to appear in the middle of the street, and the expedient resorted to was to push forward French prisoners with a rope attached to them amidst the dead and dying, to remove the bodies of their countrymen, and bring them in for burial. The office in which they were employed, and the pity of their own soldiers, secured them in general from any

* '*War*' even '*to the knife*,' which, like the short sword of the ancient Spaniards, is a terrible weapon in close combat.

annoyance, and by this expedient the evils arising from the horrible corruption of the dead was in some degree diminished. The principal season for attack in this singular species of warfare was the night; the French, and the Aragonese, under the cover of darkness frequently dashed across the street, and attacked each other's batteries with the most undaunted courage; the struggle began at the batteries, was often carried into the houses beyond, and the author of this narrative has often seen in every story of an house in the Calle de Cozo unequivocal marks of the madness and desperation with which such sort of contests must have been carried on. The batteries of the contending parties were so close to each other, that in one instance a Spaniard crept from his own side, and insinuating himself under the intermediate bodies of the dead, attached a rope to one of the French cannon; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Aragonese were deprived of their prize, at the very moment when they thought themselves secure of it.

'On the 5th of August, when the French were expected to renew their efforts to obtain complete possession of the city, the Aragonese found their ammunition begin to fail; but even this circumstance created no dismay, nor did it suggest to any one the idea of capitulation. The only cry that assailed the ears of the gallant general, as he rode amongst the people was, that if ammunition failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives alone. At this awful crisis, just before the day closed, a convoy of provisions, and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon, unexpectedly made their entry into the city, under the command of the brother of the captain-general, Don Francisco Palafox.

'A council of war that was held on the 8th, came to the following ever-memorable resolves,—"that those quarters of the city in which the Aragonese yet maintained themselves, should continue to be defended with the same firmness which had hitherto been so conspicuous; should the enemy at last prevail, the people were immediately to retire by the bridge over the Ebro into the suburbs, and having destroyed the bridge, to defend the suburbs till they perished." This resolution of the general, and his officers was received by the people with the loudest acclamations.

'For eleven successive days the most sanguinary conflict was continued from street to street from house to house, and from room to room, (the enraged populace always gaining by degrees upon the disciplined troops of the French,) until the space occupied by the enemy was gradually reduced to about one-eighth part of the city.

'The spirit displayed by the men was seconded in the most admirable manner by the women of Zaragoza; the Countess Burrita, a lady of great rank in that country, formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions, and wine to the soldiers; many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Zaragoza, declare that they have frequently seen this

young, delicate, and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells: nor were they even able to perceive from the first moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose. The loss of women and boys during the siege was very great, and fully proportionate to that of men; in fact, they were always the most forward; and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent, and proper sense of their danger.

'During the night of the 14th of August, the French fire was particularly destructive, and when their batteries ceased, flames were observed to burst out in many parts of the buildings in their possession; and on the morning of the 15th, to the great surprize of the Aragonese, their columns were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona. Their departure had probably been hastened by intelligence that the Junta of Valencia had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, destined to relieve the capital.'

Such is the account of this ever-memorable siege, as described in the clear and circumstantial narrative of Dr. Vaughan. If we can find any military events in antient or in modern history which can be compared with this in the patience, fortitude, and public spirit with which it was associated, we certainly cannot recollect any in which these great virtues were displayed in a manner more transcendantly worthy of universal admiration. The inhabitants of Zaragoza had to contend against an armed force not only superior in numbers but in military skill. They were destitute of almost every resource but that which valour and public spirit could supply; while their enemies were amply furnished with every requisite of sustenance or aggression. The inhabitants of Zaragoza had not only to contend against the enemy, but against the agency of the strongest feelings and sympathies of the human heart; which, if they had been suffered to gain the ascendant over the will, would have at once diminished their courage and their strength. They beheld their private property destroyed, their houses burned down, the fruits of the industry of years dissipated in a moment by the ravage of the invader; their wives, children, and relations suffering under the accumulated pressure of hunger and the sword. But the enthusiasm of public spirit was so great as to absorb every other feeling, or to render it subservient to the generous impulses of liberty and of patriotism. Even the women and children partook largely of the determined sentiment of resistance to the imperious foe, of

the firm resolve to rescue the city from the French or to perish in the ruins. If this love of liberty and of independence, converted into a strong and overbearing passion, were thus capable of rendering one city invincible to the most potent and skilful enemy—what could not the same principle of counteraction to the designs of the French have effected, if it had been generally diffused? Why did not the Junta send proper persons, or take proper measures to kindle the same spirit in the other towns? The love of liberty, and the abhorrence of servitude, which inflamed the hearts and invigorated the hands of men, women, and children in Zaragoza, might have been imparted to the whole peninsula of Spain. Those feelings themselves are of the most communicative and excitable kind. There is something in every heart, not totally rotten and depraved, from which they may be elicited, or into which they may be inspired. And, when once rendered general, they make an inconceivable accession to the physical strength and the ordinary resources of man. But the Junta, as we have remarked in another place, seemed afraid of kindling the enthusiastic flame of freedom; and though it shone with unparalleled effulgence within the walls of Zaragoza, yet only a few scattered scintillations of it were seen in the capital or in the other towns.

The inhabitants of Zaragoza, who have been but feebly seconded by their countrymen in other parts of Spain, will, perhaps, at last, and may ere this, be reduced by the overwhelming myriads of the enemy; but they have done enough to render their names immortal in history; and the capture of their city, whenever that event may take place, will bring tears of admiration and regret into the eyes of every man in the civilized world who hears the sad recital; and who can sympathize with all the nobler virtues which glow in the bosom of man, when his stern resolve is rather to die free than to live enslaved.

Dr. Vaughan has our best thanks for his simple and luminous narrative. We perused it with enthusiastic delight. It has all the interest of a romance arising out of the unvarnished truth of real history. Surely, the greater part of the money, which has been raised in this country for the relief of the Spanish patriots, ought to be sent to the inhabitants of Zaragoza, as a testimony of the homage which Britons feel for the unparalleled virtue and hero s n which they displayed.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*The Christian Name. A Discourse addressed to the Congregation assembling in Mill-Hill Chapel, Leeds, on Sunday, October 30, 1808; on accepting the Pastoral Office in that Place. Published by particular Request. By Thomas Jervis.* 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1809.

IN this sensible discourse, Mr. Jervis encourages his auditors to be contented with the simple name of CHRISTIAN; and not to seek to be designated nor to designate others by those sectarian appellations, which indicate the divisions of those who ought to constitute one body under one head, Jesus Christ; and which serve not only to prevent the benevolent concord of believers but to augment the stock of personal animosity.—In the present religious temperament of Christendom, it is hardly sufficient for a man to confess that he is a CHRISTIAN, without, at the same time, wearing the badge, or mouthing the creed of some particular sect or party in the Christian community.—If a man be questioned as to his faith, and he answers that he believes in Christ; this will hardly satisfy the inquirer, unless he be at the same time informed whether he be a Papist, a Lutheran, a Calvinist, or Armenian; an Athanasian, an Arian or Socinian.—In short, the majority of Christians have a troublesome sort of gossiping propensity to *talk over* their neighbour's creed, and to *call names*, when it differs from their own.—But to be a true Christian, a man should aspire to no other name;—he should not lisp the shibboleth of a sect; for there is nothing sectarian in the doctrine of Christ. Christ ordered us to love one another without any reservation of individuals, or any exclusion on account of speculative differences.—If Christ were now upon earth, all sects would claim him as their own; but it is much to be doubted whether any one would receive his exclusive approbation.—"It were to be wished," says the good and enlightened Mr. Jervis, "that by unanimous consent, we could at once forget the names of Calvinist and Arminian, of Athanasian and Unitarian. But if these terms cannot be suffered to fall into disuse, and to become obsolete; if, on account of the imperfection of language, they must be retained in order to facilitate the discussions, or to unfold the subtilties of polemical divinity—let us, at least, consider them as of no value, of no authority. As long as we use them, let us take care that we do not abuse them to the purposes of strife and contention, of prejudice, vain glory, or spiritual pride, the most odious, inconsistent and intolerable species of pride. "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," let all nominal distinctions be abolished, save one—for "one is our master, even Christ."

Let us, therefore, lay aside all other names by which his followers, at different periods have been solicitous to distinguish themselves; and let us be content exclusively to bear his venerable name.'

ART. 13.—*Two Sermons, preached on the first Day of January*, 1809, *at Hanover Street, Chapel; and on the eighth of the same Month at Worship Street Chapel, London, By Joseph Nightingale, Author of a Portraiture of Methodism, &c. &c. Published by Request.* Longman. 1809.

OF these two sermons, the subject of the first is entitled "the effects of time on the condition of man," and the second, "grateful recollections of divine mercy and goodness." Mr. Nightingale, in his preface, says that, "*these sermons were written without the most distant view to publication, and are now printed in compliance with a request he knew not how to deny.*"—On a work thus circumstanced we should think ourselves uncharitable, if we were to exert the most rigid scrutiny of criticism.—Had Mr. Nightingale prepared his sermons for the press with more anxious care than he professes to have bestowed on the composition, it could not have been expected that he would have been able to throw any new light on subjects, which have been so often discussed or to give fresh cogency to truths which have been previously enforced by the reason, the learning, and the eloquence of such numerous divines. These two sermons of Mr. Nightingale are however, very respectable productions; and by no means detract from the moderation and good sense which are so conspicuous in his "Portraiture of Methodism," which we noticed at length in the C. R. for August 1807.

ART. 14.—*Familiar Discourses upon the Apostles Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Litany. By a Dignitary of the Church, London.* 8vo. 6s. 1809. Bickerstaff.

OF this work the author tells us that "the contents have been addressed to a congregation consisting chiefly of the lower class," and designed only for their use. The writer adds that his wish is to "*promote Christian knowledge*, to *inform the ignorant*, and to *discharge a duty.*"—These sermons amount to fourteen, and the author has added a lecture on the form of supplication subjoined to the litany.—The doctrinal matter which is found in this volume, does not appear to us to contain one spice of what is termed heresy. It will of course be very acceptable to those who are reputed orthodox.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached on the 8th of February*, 1809, *being the Day appointed for a general Fast, at the Parish Church of Loughton, in Essex. By the Rev. Robert Baynes, LL.B. Curate.* 1s. or 50 *Copies for* 40s. Longman. 1809.

THE principal object of Mr. Baynes in this sermon is by a forcible and lively representation of the desolation and misery which would be the consequence of a foreign invasion, to impress the people with right notions of the interest which they have in resisting the

enemy, and in bearing with patience and with fortitude those sacrifices which the public exigencies may require.

POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Flowers at Court. By Mrs. Reeve.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Baldwin. 1809.

AFTER having witnessed the *gay doings*, that have lately occurred among the birds, beasts and fishes, in the '*Peacock at home*' the '*Eagle's Masque*,' '*the Lion's Masquerade*' and '*the Fishes grand Gala*,' we were not unprepared to hear that some of those parts of creation, which do not possess the locomotive faculty had been made the subject of some grand festival. The progeny of Flora from the richness and varied beauty of their attire are certainly well entitled to make their appearance at court. Perhaps some of our females will be anxious to know what dresses the *ladies* had on, and what colour seemed to be most in vogue. For this gratifying piece of information we must refer them to the work of Mrs. Reeve:

ART. 17.—*Miscellaneous Poetry, by Thomas Green, Junior, of Liverpool.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Longman. 1809.

THESE are said to be *juvenile essays*. The subjects are very miscellaneous; but we do not discover either in the imagery, the sentiment or the diction, any traces of genius which should induce us to encourage the author to persist in his poetical career. The following may serve as a specimen of the talents of Mr. Green:

On the death of Mrs. Ward, of Leeds-street, Liverpool.

'By heav'nly Sympathy's soft pow'r imprest,
The muse essays, with fault'ring voice, to sing;
Come, Consolation, aid the troubled breast,
The spirits cheer, by grief intense opprest,
Thy balm apply, reviving cordials bring;
Though Death, stern tyrant, has an inroad made,
And burst the tend'rest ties with rigorous hand,
Let Resignation ev'ry soul pervade,
"Thy will be done," dread Lord of sea and land.

'Yet far from you begone the horrid thought,
Insensibility's dark shades to seek;
Ah! no; for Nature feels each heart is fraught
With keen distress, while tears bedew the cheek.
But let not grief extreme your souls o'ercome:
Reflect——to you this consolation's giv'n,
Consigned the mortal to the silent tomb,
Th' immortal finds eternal rest in heav'n.
There join'd with cherubims, "a countless throng,"
In bliss they sing, SALVATION is their song!

'Full well I know your hearts are rent with pain;
Your eyes with streaming torrents are surcharg'd;
In vain we strive—Resistance is in vain—
And oft resistance has our woes enlarg'd.
To him the Great I AM, let all submit,
With filial awe fulfil his just command,
And humbled into dust beneath his feet,
Bless the Omnipotent JEHOVAH's hand.

'While here below life's thorny path you tread,
On you may ev'ry blessing e'er attend;
And each, when life shall close, lay down his head
Secure in him, the vilest sinner's friend.
Freed from th' incumbrance of this house of clay,
To scenes of joy extatic soar away,
And live for ever in eternal day.'

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Theodore and Blanche; or the Victims of Love. From the French of Madame Cottin.* 2 *Vols.* 9*s.* S. Tipper. 1809.

THE title of this novel speaks for itself, and prepares the reader for a tale of sorrow and distress. We have not read it in French, but, from the former publications of this ingenious lady we have every reason to believe that she has not lost any portion of her well-earned fame in this style of writing.

Blanche de St. Aubin, who is just emancipated from a convent, is the only daughter of the Marquis de St. Aubin, an haughty and obdurate nobleman, who resolves to sacrifice every thing for his only son in the true spirit of the feudal system. Theodore is the son of a gentleman lately dead, who was a respectable agriculturist, and a cousin of Blanche's intimate friend and fellow-pensioner in the same convent. Blanche and Theodore soon become most violently and faithfully enamoured of each other. The mother of Blanche sensible of the merits of the youth, and of the love of her daughter, advises him to go into the army, and deserve the object of his passion by acquiring honour and distinction in his profession. Theodore obtains a vacancy in the regiment of which Blanche's brother is colonel, and receives from him every kind and friendly attention. Theodore, when riding out with his colonel saves his life; this circumstance unites the bands of friendship still more closely, and Theodore is as happy as an enthusiastic lover can well be during his absence from the woman whom he loves. In the mean time the mother of Blanche dies; and the Marquis insists on his daughter marrying the Count de St. Pierre, a powerful Norman baron, who is pourtrayed as every thing that is ugly in person, and unamiable in mind; Blanche refuses; her brother is informed of her attachment to Theodore; and enraged at the obstacle, which it presented to his ambition, he in-

sults Theodore, regardless of their former friendship and of all anterior obligations. The colonel, not satisfied with his first insults, upbraids and affronts him on the parade before the officers and men. Theodore demands satisfaction; they fight; Theodore is severely wounded; and soon after dismissed the regiment for sending a challenge to his superior officer. The Marquis, finding his threats and entreaties of no avail to induce Blanche to marry the Count de St. Pierre, bids her prepare either to attend him to the altar as a bride, or to return to the cloister from which she is never to emerge. She chooses the latter with cheerfulness, and takes the vows!—For a few days, she fancied that she could forget the world, forget her love, and her Theodore; but a settled despair soon takes possession of the unfortunate girl; and she dies in the convent of a fever brought on by the agony of her mind. The concluding passage of the translation says,

'Love had taken such violent and unbounded possession of the mind of Theodore; that he was insensible to the cares and consolations of friendship. Incessantly haunted by the image of his adored mistress, and a prey to the most heart-rending grief, his health gradually declined, and he only survived Blanche a few months, as we learn from the inscription placed ever the simple monument erected to his memory by his friend.' This story is written in letters from Blanche to her friend Julia; and Theodore to Julia's husband, Monsieur de Valcourt.

MEDICINE.

ART. 19.—*Observations on an eruptive Disease, which has lately occurred in the Town of Sherborne, Dorset, after Vaccination. In a Letter to a Friend. By Richard Pew, M.D. of Sherborne, Member of the Royal Medical and other Societies, Edinburgh.* Longman.

DR. Pew says, that seven or eight cases of an eruptive disease, *resembling* small pox, have lately occurred in Sherborne, but that in the *worst* of these cases, the indisposition was so slight that the child was not confined to bed, nor even to the house for a single day. Instances are not rare in which individuals, who have been inoculated with the small pox, have afterwards been indisposed in a similar manner, by cohabitation with persons labouring under variolous infection. Though *previous vaccination* may not, in all cases, render the system insensible to the deleterious agency of variolous matter, yet it always renders the disease more mild, so mild indeed as hardly to deserve the name. When the few and trivial evils, which in the great average of instances are subsequent to the vaccine, are compared with those which are incident to the variolous inoculation, a balance will appear in favour of the vaccine practice, which every rational lover of his family and his species will think sufficient to give it a decided preference. Even, according to the anti-vaccinists, ninety-nine instances of vaccination out of an hundred are not attended with any subsequent disorder. How many

persons gladly engage in what is called the *state lottery*, with as many chances against them, as vaccination exhibits in their favour! And yet, in this instance, prejudice, ignorance, or the misrepresentations of interested impostors, prevent numbers from having recourse to a safe, and at least highly probable preventive of the most loathsome disease with which humanity can be afflicted.

Dr. Pew has placed the argument in favour of vaccination in a very clear point of view; and his remarks are well worthy of extensive circulation.

ART. 20.—*An expostulatory Letter to Dr. Moseley, on his Review of the Report of the London College of Physicians on Vaccination.*

THE anti-vaccine scurrilities of Dr. Moseley are hardly worthy a reply. The present writer has not, however, condescended to exchange abuse with his opponent. His production is that of a scholar and a gentleman. Indeed we believe that it will be universally allowed that the vaccinists are beyond all parallel superior to their adversaries in learning, good humour, and urbanity. When we see two men disputing, the one of whom employs no weapons but those of candour and of argument, and the other none but those of ribaldry and invective, it is not difficult for the unprejudiced spectator to determine on which side the truth lies. The merits of vaccination will bear any test; but one which deserves considerable attention, will be found in the *conduct of its opponents*.

POLITICS.

ART. 21.—*The candid Appeal to the British Public of John Buffa, M.D. late Physician to the Army Depot, Isle of Wight, containing his Remonstrances to his Royal Highness Field-Marshal the Duke of York; and subsequent Correspondence with Persons composing the Army Medical Board; giving a minute and circumstantial Detail of all the Abuses and Peculations in that Depot Hospital, which appeared at a secret Investigation, held by Mr. Knight, the Inspector and Comptroller-general of the Army Hospital in the Month of June*, 1805, *with Addenda and Notes explanatory of some important Facts*, &c. &c. 2*s*. 6*d*. Dickson, Newgate-Street. 1808.

THE particulars of this case, as far as they can be collected from the narrative of the author, which is rather intricate, are the following: In 1793 the author formed a part of the medical staff to the British army at Toulon. He was apothecary to the general hospital. On the evacuation of Toulon he accompanied the sick and wounded to Gibraltar; and afterwards rejoined the British forces in Corsica. In 1795 he was strongly recommended by lord Minto, to the patronage of lord Melville, through whose interest he became surgeon to the 27th regiment of foot then stationed in upper Canada. In the latter end of 1799 the author proceeded with the same corps to Halifax in Nova Scotia. Here the duke of Kent was pleased to appoint him assistant inspector of hospitals, and director

of the medical department in North America. In Nov. 1800, he returned to England to solicit a confirmation of these appointments, when 'on application to the surgeon-general (Mr. Keate) he informed him that he could not be confirmed in that situation, but if he conceived himself *strong enough* to stand an examination by a special board of physicians, and was by them found and reported duly qualified, he should be appointed physician to his Majesty's forces.'

He acceded to the proposal, passed through the required examination, and was appointed physician to the forces, when he proceeded to Portsmouth to join the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. In Egypt Dr. Buffa lost his wife, and one of his children by the plague, and was himself seized with the ophthalmy, which long endangered his sight. In 1803, he was made physician to the hospital at Chatham; but he was no sooner settled at that place than he was required by Mr. Keate to exchange that situation for one in the army depôt in the Isle of Wight. To this exchange he consented much against his inclination. When Dr. Buffa had been but a short time in the Isle of Wight he tells us that he was informed by Mr. Powell, the acting apothecary, of numerous delinquencies which were practised in the management of the hospital. Mr. Powell said that he would only inform Dr. Buffa of what was publicly known to all his colleagues, and of what he had himself been an eye-witness, that casks of smuggled claret were admitted into the king'. stores and appropriated by the principal medical officer and others to their own use; that candles, soap, sugar, tea, port-wine, porter, meat, and bread, were surreptitiously taken from the hospital stores; that 'the principal medical officer and acting purveyor received a valuable consideration from the butcher, who supplied the hospital with meat, which was the reason why the meat was so bad," and why so many complaints respecting it were made in vain.

In Feb. 1805, Dr. Buffa states that an anonymous letter which he ascribes to Major Gray of the army depôt, was sent to Mr. Pitt exhibiting a circumstantial detail of the various abuses that existed in the hospital; that this letter was transmitted to the army medical board; and that without any attempt whatever being made to discover the real author, it was immediately ascribed to the author of this Appeal. He was accordingly ordered to the West Indies; but on obtaining a certificate from Mr. Phipps, the oculist, respecting his sight, he was ordered back to the Isle of Wight. On his return he was informed, as he states, by Messrs Stewart, Harris, and Powell, medical officers of the hospital, "that certain quantities of meat were charged to the public, and inserted in the diet table, or weekly expenditure, approved and signed by the principal medical officer, which had never been issued to the sick to make up deficiencies in that article;"—"that assistant-surgeon Morton had reported to Mr. Stewart, that hospital blankets had been seen in a shop or shops *in Newport which Mr. Stewart reported to the head of the department and of which no notice was taken.*"

Dr. Buffa says that being again urgently importuned by Major Gray, to report these diversified mal-practices, he at last agreed, with the approbation of Messrs. Stewart, Harris, and Powell, to unfold the whole scene of iniquity in a private letter to Mr. Keate, the surgeon-general. Mr. Knight was privately sent soon after this to enquire into the abuses above-mentioned. Dr. Buffa says that he produced to Mr. Knight a copy of the letter which he had written to Mr. Keate, all the particulars of which were confirmed by Mr. Powell. Gen. Whitelock was the next person sent to inquire into the state of the hospital; but Dr. Buffa undertakes to prove that the said general asserted that he *came down with the express purpose of supporting the principal medical officer through thick and thin, and to oppress Dr. Buffa and Major Gray.*"—After this Dr. Buffa adds that without any public inquiry being made, or without any trial by a court martial, he was superseded in his employment as physician to the army depot; that he was consequently suspended in his professional functions and reduced to half-pay. This appears the condensed substance of his Appeal. We thought that it was our duty to him and to the public to state the particulars of the case, as they appear on the present record, with perfect impartiality; but the reader will remember that we have yet heard only one side of the question; and that the assertions of Dr. Buffa may be refuted by evidence on the other side. It cannot be expected that any individual, in representing his own grievances, should not often extenuate, alter, or omit what makes against himself, and exaggerate, embellish or invent what makes against his opponents. In all questions either of public or of private scandal "*audi alteram partem,*" is a maxim which should never be relinquished; and *before we have heard the other side,* it is wrong to condemn or to censure any individual.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 22.—*A History of France from the Commencement of the Reign of Clovis, in* 481, *to the Peace of Campo Formio, in October* 1797; *after the Manner of the History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.* Darton *and* Harvey, 1809.

A WORK of this kind which favours the *indolent studiousness* of the masters and misses of the present day, will probably experience an extensive circulation. The execution is not however equal to that of the history of England on a similar plan, which the author professes to have made his model. The narrative is less free and animated, and the remarks less penetrating and judicious. The style is in general clear and unaffected, the facts are well selected, and the dates are carefully given in every page. This certainly adds to the value of the performance. The author tells us that he has uniformly consulted the best authorities within his reach. We have observed that some of the sentences are too much crowded with a

multiplicity of details which distract the attention and perplex the narrative. Some defects of language also occur, but these are minor considerations; it would however be right to attend to them in a second edition.

ART. 23.—*The Cambrian Traveller's Guide, and Pocket Companion; containing the collected Information of the most popular and authentic Writers, relating to the Principality of Wales, and Parts of the adjoining Counties: augmented by considerable Additions, the Result of various Excursions; comprehending Histories and Descriptions of the Cities, Towns, Villages, Castles, Mansions, Palaces, Abbeys, Churches, Inns, Mountains, Rocks, Waterfalls, Ferries, Bridges, Passes, &c. &c. arranged in alphabetic Order; also Descriptions of what is remarkable in the intermediate Spaces, as solitary Houses, Forts, Encampments, Walls, ancient Roads, Caverns, Rivers, Aqueducts, Lakes, Forests, Woods, Fields of Battle, Islets, Cromlechs, Sarneths, Tumuli, Pillars, Druidic Circles, Works of Iron, Tin, Copper, &c. The Roads are described, the Distance given, and the distinct Routes of Aikin, Barber, Bingly, Coxe, Donovan, Evans, Hutton, Malkin, Pennant, Skrine, Warner and Wyndham, are preserved. The whole interspersed with historic and biographic Notices, with Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy; and with Remarks on the Commerce, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Symonds. 1808.

THE descriptive fullness of the title seems to preclude the necessity of criticism; but we can safely recommend the work as a cheap, useful, and entertaining guide to those who make the Cambrian Tour.

ART. 24.—*Mentorian Lectures on sacred and moral Subjects; adapted to the Comprehension of Juvenile Readers; to which are added some original Miscellaneous Poems. By Ann Murry.* Longman. 1808.

THESE lectures are on the following subjects; on mental Cultivation; on moral Excellence; on what is usually called Taste; On Sublimity; on the Sublimity and Beauty of the Scripture; on the Sublimity of the Prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel; on the minor Prophets, and the holy Land; on the New Testament, with observations on the Gospel.

There is not in these lectures much new instruction nor any amusement for the juvenile mind, and to others a little more advanced in years they present nothing but common-place details and insipid observations, which have been made over and over again, and which any person of ordinary capacity, with a few books before him, might compose with the greatest facility. On the poetical portion of this performance we can bestow no praise. We have, to be sure, a variety; such as, odes to resignation, to the sea at Brighton, to solitude, and contentment. Then we have epitaphs and extempore lines on various subjects, stanzas during a storm in winter, lines on the view of the downs at Brighton; reflections on the Steyne, and lines on Divine Providence. Whatever merit Mrs. Murry may have acquired as a writer of prose, poetry is certainly not her fort.

ART. 25.—*Thoughts upon the present Condition of the Stage, and upon the Construction of a new Theatre.* 8vo. Clarke, Bond Street. 1808.

THESE Thoughts are the production of a reflective and sensible man, and deserve the serious attention of those who study the means of rendering dramatic exhibitions of the most extensive public benefit. Our author very properly remarks that our two theatres are both too large, not for the receipt at the door but for the gratification of the eye and ear, two members of the human body that formerly were a little more consulted by the constructors of playhouses. 'There are few places in which any change of countenance of the actor can be observed, or where the human voice can force its way; and from this arises that decline so notorious both in tragic writers and in the tragic actors. What man of genius can be induced to produce a tragic poem, when more than half of the verse is to be intombed in the performer's stomach, in order to allow him breath and strength to roar out a concluding hemistich? What actor can arrive at perfection, when he perceives a sleepy kind of indifference pervade the whole audience, who contendedly pay their money for seeing little, and hearing nothing? This accounts for what appears to be a most vitiated taste of the public in the endurance of those childish pantomimes, Blue Beard, &c. on the very boards where Shakespear and Otway once stormed the human heart. But this in fact is not such a sign of perverted taste as it is of a prudent toleration of Blue Beards, kettle drums, or the distant view of the big-bellied virgins of the sun; for if the manager did not provide these he could give the audience nothing.

'A graver evil also is caused by the outrageous size of the playhouse. With nothing to fix the attention or touch the feelings of the generality of those who frequent the theatre, the constant and indecent interruptions from ladies of easy virtue, and their paramours, are not resented as they ought to be, or as they would be, could we suppose Garrick and Mrs. Cibber rising from the dead, again to charm us, and treading a stage of reasonable dimensions, and on which their powers could be understood and appreciated. Should the internal part of the theatre have attractions to keep those who pay at the door, in their places, the lobbies would not be filled with profligates of distinction, familiarizing the yet uncorrupted and modest to scenes of such meretricious impudence, hardly exaggerated by Hogarth in the supper in his Rake's Progress. What parent can conduct his wife and daughters through this sty without trembling with the fear, that, though those sights are to them shocking and horrible to-day, they may not be so to-morrow? An audience that went to the play to hear and see, would quickly interfere with these orgies.'

The author afterwards expatiates with great cogency and truth on the evils and inconveniences of having the theatre spread over so large an area that the voice of the actors can only faintly be heard and the features of the face only indistinctly seen. In the vast area of modern Drury, the wonderful variation of countenance which showed that

Garrick was really agitated by the emotions of the character represented, would be totally unperceived by the larger part of the audience. He would in vain exhibit the mad look of Lear or the fears and rage of Macbeth. The sublimest effort of dramatic representation is to exhibit the progress and agency of the passions on the countenance. In this Garrick excelled all the actors of his time; and in this excellence the exorbitant dimensions of our modern theatres will prevent him from ever having a rival. The author adds some useful observations on the best mode of constructing a new theatre, with respect to the pleasure and security of the audience.

ART. 26.—*An analytical Abridgment of Locke's Essays concerning Human Understanding.* 12mo. pp. 307. Lunn. 1808.

WE hold all abridgments to be profitable for the scholar to make, as a means of arranging, generalising and retaining what he reads; but merely to read abridgments, without having previously perused the larger works, from which they are made, is, we think, a very unprofitable occupation. Abridgments promise to render the way to knowledge easy and expeditious; but, in fact, their principal effect is to render the mind indolent and inactive, and to starve while they profess to enlarge the stock of ideas and the supply of erudition. The path to *real knowledge* will, notwithstanding all the puny attempts of sciolists to render it otherwise, be both in the beginning and in the progress, rugged, steep, and difficult, requiring much attention and much toil, much intellectual vigilance and persevering exertion to overcome. If abridgments be read by any, we should not by any means recommend them to be read by juvenile students, for they ought to make them for themselves; but it seems to be chiefly for the young, that abridgments are designed. A person, who is more advanced in life, may often advantageously consult an abridgment in order to refresh his memory or to obtain a summary and general view of facts and principles into which some larger work, which he has formerly perused, may be resolved. Till the mind is well stored with ideas, and the thinking principle has taken a wide and extensive range through the material and moral world, (and this can be effected only by much reading, profound reflection and comprehensive observation) all epitomes of science can serve only to contract the powers of the mind and to render it a poor, shrivelled, and sterile thing. He, who attentively peruses Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and digests and analyses it in his own mind as he proceeds, will derive more intellectual improvement from the task than from the reiterated perusal of this or of any other abridgment of the work till he could repeat the whole by rote. There are two modes of intellectual exertion which should be constantly conjoined, synthesis and analysis, or analysis, and synthesis. But the reading abridgments is favourable neither to the one nor to the other of these methods of mental cul-

ture, and exertion. For how to any useful purpose, can we epitomize an epitome? No activity of mind is requisite to make an analysis of that which has been already analysed. And it must be a very superfluous effort to attempt to recompound that which we have not previously decomposed. He who should have no other knowledge of the human frame than what he could obtain by inspecting the bones of a skeleton, would never know any thing of the real nature, the physical or moral œconomy of man; and, with respect to the healthy or diseased state of the body he would understand as little as if he had been born without sight or touch. With respect to knowledge, he is not in a much more favourable predicament who has learned all the little which he knows from the *bare bones* of an epitome. We have no fault to find with the execution of the present work, which seems to be carefully performed; but, for the reasons which we have assigned, we think it not only superfluous, but, highly pernicious to the juvenile student; and we never wish to see this nor any other abridgment introduced to foster the idleness or to relax the industry of the undergraduates in either of our universities.

ART. 27.—*An Address to the Public upon the dangerous Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary; with Hints relative to the best Means of lessening the Sum of Prostitution. By William Hale.* 8vo. 1s. Conder, 1809

THIS writer argues that the institution of the London Female Penitentiary tends rather to increase than to diminish the sum of prostitution. He says that it is an institution which "*opens wide its doors for the reception of the most abandoned prostitutes, whenever they choose to go in*; and that, not only without the least prospect of punishment, but with the actual promise of rewards, (if they behave well) such as virtuous female servants too seldom have reason to expect." Whatever we may think of the theological tenets of those who conduct the institution, we cannot agree with the present writer, that it will encourage prostitution, any more than an hospital encourages people to catch fevers or to break their limbs.—When a female first deviates from the path of virtue she little thinks of being obliged to seek an asylum in the London Penitentiary. Present pleasure is her object; and she thinks not of the future pain.—Her hopes are excited and she dreads not disappointment. But when the palled appetite sickens in disgust, when she, who was an object of passionate fondness, is loathed with cold disdain, when admiration and flattery cease, and contempt and scorn are substituted in their place; when she is assailed at once by neglect, by poverty, and disease, who would not wish that the doors of this or of some benevolent asylum might be open to receive this forlorn and anguished destitute? Mr. Hale will perhaps say that the wretched female ought not to be admitted without punishment. But has not her deflection from virtue inflicted its own punishment? Can Mr. Hale consider her wretchedness and talk of impunity? Can he look into her heart, and say

that the pangs which she has experienced are no punishment?—It will be said that this penitentiary admits the frail victims of unlawful desire, without first ascertaining the exact state of their demerit or their penitence, or having reasonable ground to expect their reformation. But true charity does not enter into the niceties of calculation. The sight of misery is sufficient to prompt to the relief. Its object is to mitigate pain and to alleviate want, and though it neglects not moral considerations, yet even these are not suffered to paralyse the arm that is raised to succour the wretched and the indigent.—The miseries of life even when they are the associates of vice, ought to be the objects of indifference, and they certainly need not the aggravations of hard-heartedness. We all allow that prostitution is a vice, but it is a vice of which beneficence will most joyfully mitigate the suffering. Nor are the victims of any vice greater objects of compassion; we are therefore inclined to think that the present author is a little too inconsiderate in his attack on the London Penitentiary.—Even granting that many will gain admission, who are not objects of the charity, whose penitence is affected, or whose reformation is hopeless, still the intent of the charity is the same; and those who contribute to its support, ought certainly not to be censured for its involuntary abuse.—They do not increase the sum of prostitution. That vice would hardly be less than it is, if there were neither Penitentiaries nor Magdalens; but such institutions do always afford at least *temporary* relief, and they often produce *permanent reformation*.—If they relieve want or mitigate suffering in every instance, and if they reform in only one case out of ten, or even a hundred, still the institution is laudable; and we should be sorry to see the encouragement withheld which it has hitherto received.

ART. 28.—*The Angler's Manual; or concise Lessons of Experience which the Proficient in the delightful Recreation of Angling will not despise, and the Learner will find the Advantage of practising; containing useful Instructions on every approved Method of Angling, and particularly on the Management of the Hand and Rod in each Method. Embellished with twelve Plates of Fish, Fishing, Baits, and Tackle, designed and etched by S. Howitt.* Bagster, Strand. 1809.

THIS little work appears to contain very plain and concise instructions; the remarks on baits and the proper method of throwing the line are very clear, particularly on the dead bait, which requires much nicety of management in order to make it appear to the finny victims as if it were alive. The author much recommends the multiplying wheel, as you may wind up your *line* in proper time to prevent the fish from running in upon you: 'an artifice,' he tells us is very 'common and which they frequently practise.' He also recommends the hook which is fixed exactly even like the Carlisle or Irish, instead of the one with the shank bent a little to one side, the strait hook holding the fish with greater certainty. The first plate represents a number of baits, and explains the use and the management of each. His recommendation of the landing net with the briar-crescent is equally

good, as it is lighter to carry and quite as strong as the iron. The second plate describes the fish-pannier; the minnow baited, iron crescent, for landing-net, cad-bait baited, &c. &c. are very clearly and distinctly described. Trout-fishing is divided into four different modes, viz. the worm, the minnow, the cad-bait and fly-fishing. Speaking of salmon fishing, which does not vary from the large trout-fishing, the author says that

'The angler must be admonished, that whenever he has hooked a heavy fish, never to suffer his rod to incline forwards, but to keep the top as perpendicular to the butt as possible; by which means his wheel line will run out more freely, and with less danger of interruption, and the weight and strength of the fish will be exerted against the elasticity of the rod; thereby easing the line, the hook, and the hold you have of his mouth. And indeed should you be fishing without a wheel and not keep your rod upright when you have hooked a good fish, you may depend on his running instantly to the end of your line, and as certainly on his regaining his liberty by one violent effort.'

His remarks on pike-fishing are equally correct.

'In trolling or snapping your dead bait must not be suffered to lie still in the water. Let it be dropped in as lightly as you can, and permitted to sink a little; then gently raised, then allowed to sink lower, now drawn a little this way, now that, and, by short and gentle jerks, kept in continual motion, to imitate that of a living fish.'

Some of the other remarks are taken from Walton's and Cotton's Complete Angler, with notes by Hawkins, which the author much recommends. The lovers of angling will be pleased with, and receive many useful hints from this little work. The plates are extremely well executed and the subjects are well chosen.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Paley's Sermons.
Memoirs of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.
Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.
Comber on National Subsistence.
The Fisher Boy, a Poem.
Sir Richard Phillips's Letter to the Livery of London.
Wyvill on Intolerance.
Philosophical Transactions, Part II. concluded.
Sir John Carr's Caledonian Sketches.
Miss Owenson's Ida of Athens.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

Of Books published in February, 1809.

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Blacket—The Times: an Ode at the Commencement of the Year 1809. By Joseph Blacket. 1s.

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Catholic Bishops—Six Letters on the Subject of Dr. Milner's Explanation relating to the Proposal made in the last Session of Parliament for admitting the King's Veto in the Election of Roman Catholic Bishops. 3s.

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TO THE READER.

After the first sheet in the last Number had been revised by the Editor, the form *was* turned *by the negligence of the pressmen, and of course the whole order of pages was thrown into confusion. In order to repair this mortifying mistake, the whole sheet has been reprinted, and is stitched up with the present number.*